Theatre Magazine

35 cents

DECEMBER 1924

The Magazine for Playgoers—

MUSIC IN THE HOME OF BACH
Painted by TOBY E. ROSENTHAL

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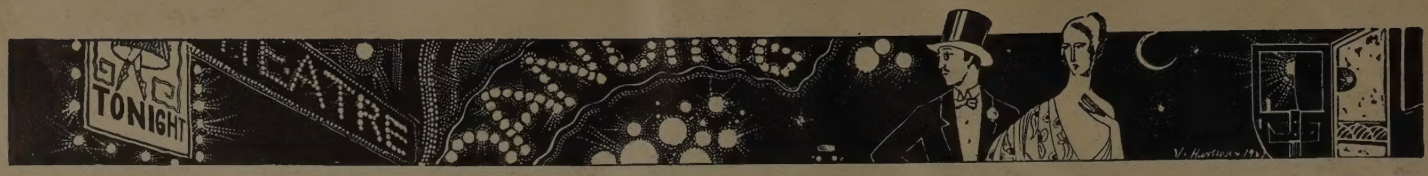
THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924; under the act of March 8, 1879.



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THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement centre, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

THE restaurant season has opened with a zestful bang and grill-rooms, supper-clubs, tea-shops and chop-houses are in full and merry bloom. So the problem of the man and maid who would a-stepping go is merely selective. Like the late national classic, we have "string-beans and onions, cabbages——" and what not! And whether your taste and mood embrace one of the formal East Side dining-rooms, where the essential vulgarity of eating is refined and polished by poetic gravies, or a mutton-chop emporium tingling with the gracious odors of malt and sawdust, New York has a wide assortment to place at your disposal.

THE *Park Lane* is Park Avenue's latest bow to cuisine, interior decoration and the blue book. The *Madison,* too, on Madison Avenue, sails majestically under the command of the truly celebrated Theodore. And *The Ambassador's* dinner- and supper-dances have resumed their last-season popularity.

Friday is the festive night at this hotel, for a supper club of swankie flavor has adopted it. Miss Clarissa Halstead-Stem and Mrs. Osgood Day head a committee of charming society and Junior League girls who sponsor the affair.

SINCE the fall of the hapless Salvins last spring, Broadway has been not only arid, but mortuary. Now, however, there is a universal attempt at resuscitation of the immortally famous "Broadway after dark." It seems as though every White Way personage who has a small, unused closet-room and a very small, unused waiter opens a supper-club. All one needs to know is the address, the door captain and a few bank presidents.

El Fay, thanks to the dynamic and arbitrary way in which Tex Guinan insists that everybody have a good time, continues to be the ultimate goal of practically everybody in the world who is still pursuing pleasure after midnight. There is personable and squabby entertainment—and a good band if one can locate a postage stamp on which to dance to it. But most of all there is the flamboyantly blonde and heartily friendly Texas herself, whose unique and dominant personality has made the place.

The astute operator of El Fey has lately made an attempt to recapture the past grandeur and gaiety of the *Midnight Frolic*—with a revue, *Fay Follies,* in the midnight witchery of the one-time Automobile Club. Jimmy Hussey is the star and master of ceremonies and Lillian Lorraine, former darling of the Broadway gods, has been brought from her recent retirement to act as hostess. And there are girls, of course, and a lively orchestra.

VINC LOPEZ, playing at the *Pennsylvania, Greenwich Village Follies* and a movie, has adopted a *Club Ostend* just to fill in his spare time when he isn't making records or piano-rolls. Johnny Dooley is the master of ceremonies, or lack of them.

Basil Durant and Kendall Lee are dancing at a new *Club Mirador.* And Harry Richman, lately the presiding genius of *The Wigwam,* is newly enthroned at a supper-club bearing his own name. This unusual entertainer once more exercises his faculty of attracting the theatre world of Broadway. *Club Richman* is the actors' and song-writers' haunt, a jazzy temple and a gay one, wherein the non-professional may observe the professionals being called on for extemporaneous stunts and entertainment and providing them with the naïve idea that they are enjoying a relaxation.

Sophie Tucker, with a colored band of hottest musical temperature from Harlem, announces that she will preside at a supper-restaurant of her own within the month. Barney Gallant, too, promises a reopening of his smart and popular night carnival.

And still they come. As many as one a week—gay awakening yawns from the lethargic Broadway of summer.

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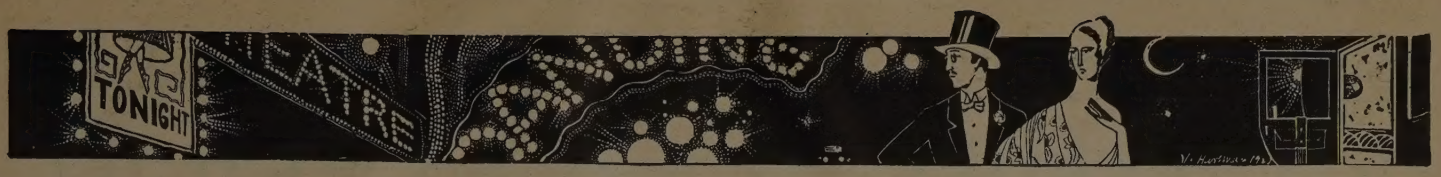
"If the new season brings forth a native comedy ar[illegible]od as this, there should be dancing in the streets"—R[illegible] C. Benchley, Life.



Forthcoming Attractions

Impending Broadway Openings, As We Go To Press

The Way of the World. Congreve's comedy, with Gertrude Bryan.

Shipwrecked. Play with John Harrington, Gilda Leary, etc.

Desire Under the Elms. A Eugene O'Neill play, with Walter Huston, Charles Ellis and others.

Mme. Pompadour. An operetta, with Hope Hampton, Wanda Lyon, Florenz Ames and others.

Eighteen-per-cent. comedy, with Raymond Hitchcock and others.

Oh, Pshaw! A revue, with Ben Bernie and orchestra.

Their First Baby. A comedy, with Maude Eburne, John E. Young and others.

Silence. A play by Max Marcin, with H. B. Warner.

Annabelle. A comedy with music, with Billie Burke, Ernest Truex, Marion Green, Shirley Vernon, Spencer Chartres, Bobby Watson and others.

Bewitched. A comedy, with Glen Anders, Jose Ruben, Florence Eldridge.

Simon Called Peter. A dramatization of Robert Keable's book, with Noel Tearle, Frieda Inescort, June Webster, Herbert Bunston, Evelyn Wright and others.

Watch Out. A revue, with Will Morrissey, Jed Dooley, Guiran and Marguirite, Jack Waldron and others.

Sunshine. A play, with Francine Larrimore.

The Lion's Share. A play by William Anthony Maguire.

Pastimes of an Empress. A play, with Bertha Kalisch.

A Man's Job. A play, with Boots Wooster, Edkard H. Robins, Roy Gordon, Raymond Hackett, Leona Hogarth, Thomas Jackson and others.

Apple Sauce. A comedy, with Allan Dinehart, Claiborne Foster and others.

Kelly's Vacation. A comedy by Vincent Lawrence.

Honey. A Negro musical comedy.

New Plays Opening Out of Town During November

New Brooms, Atlantic City; *In Heidelberg,* Philadelphia; *Maggie,* Philadelphia; *Shipwrecked,* Pittsburgh; *The Magnolia Lady,* Pittsburgh; *Parisites,* Jersey City; *Princess April,* Springfield; *Lass o' Laughter,* Utica; *Of a Sunday,* Washington; *Is Zat So!* Worcester; *The Imported Wife,* Washington; *Badges,* New London; *My Woman,* Stanford; *Soft Music,* Syracuse.

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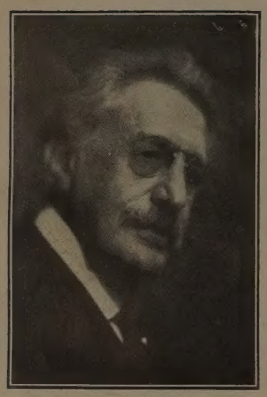
CONFESSIONS of a PLAYWRIGHT

By Sydney Rosenfeld

Author of "The Senator," "A Possible Case," "The Vanderbilt Cup" and a Score of Other Big Broadway Successes



Sydney Rosenfeld, a veteran of the American stage, co-author of *The Senator*, a comedy which made him and that popular comedian, William H. Crane, famous

MANY playwrights and actors have written the story of their lives, but none until now has dared write his confessions.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD, a veteran of the American stage, co-author of *The Senator*, a comedy which made him and that popular comedian, William H. Crane, famous, has written his CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT for "THEATRE MAGAZINE," the first chapters of which will appear in our January issue.

MR. ROSENFELD has been prominent before the theatre-going public for over half a century. To-day, many new dramatists are writing for the theatre, but there was a time when BRONSON HOWARD, AUGUSTUS THOMAS and SYDNEY ROSENFELD supplied the entire output of plays for our stage. Of recent years Mr. Rosenfeld has not been heard from so often, but a little more than a decade ago it was a barren season indeed when half a dozen plays from his prolific and humorous pen did not score hits on Broadway.

DURING the time his vogue lasted the playwright necessarily came into close contact with everyone of importance connected with our stage—managers, actors, authors. Mark Twain was planning collaboration on a comedy with Mr. Rosenfeld at the moment of his death. How well he knew FRANCIS WILSON, A. M. PALMER, AUGUSTIN DALY, MRS. FISKE, DE WOLF HOPPER, HEINRICH CONREID, RUDOLPH ARONSON, RICHARD MANSFIELD, CHARLES FROHMAN.

THE playwright has many amusing and interesting anecdotes to relate and he tells it all in such a sprightly, delightful manner, with such intimacy of detail, that you get close ups of all these famous people as you never knew them before. You are also taken behind the scenes in a way only possible in reminiscences of this kind.

William H. Crane in Mr. Rosenfeld's play, *The Senator*, one of the most successful comedies this country has ever known

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The opening chapters of this fascinating narrative of Stage Life begin in our JANUARY, 1925, issue

Illustrated with rare portraits and valuable autograph letters

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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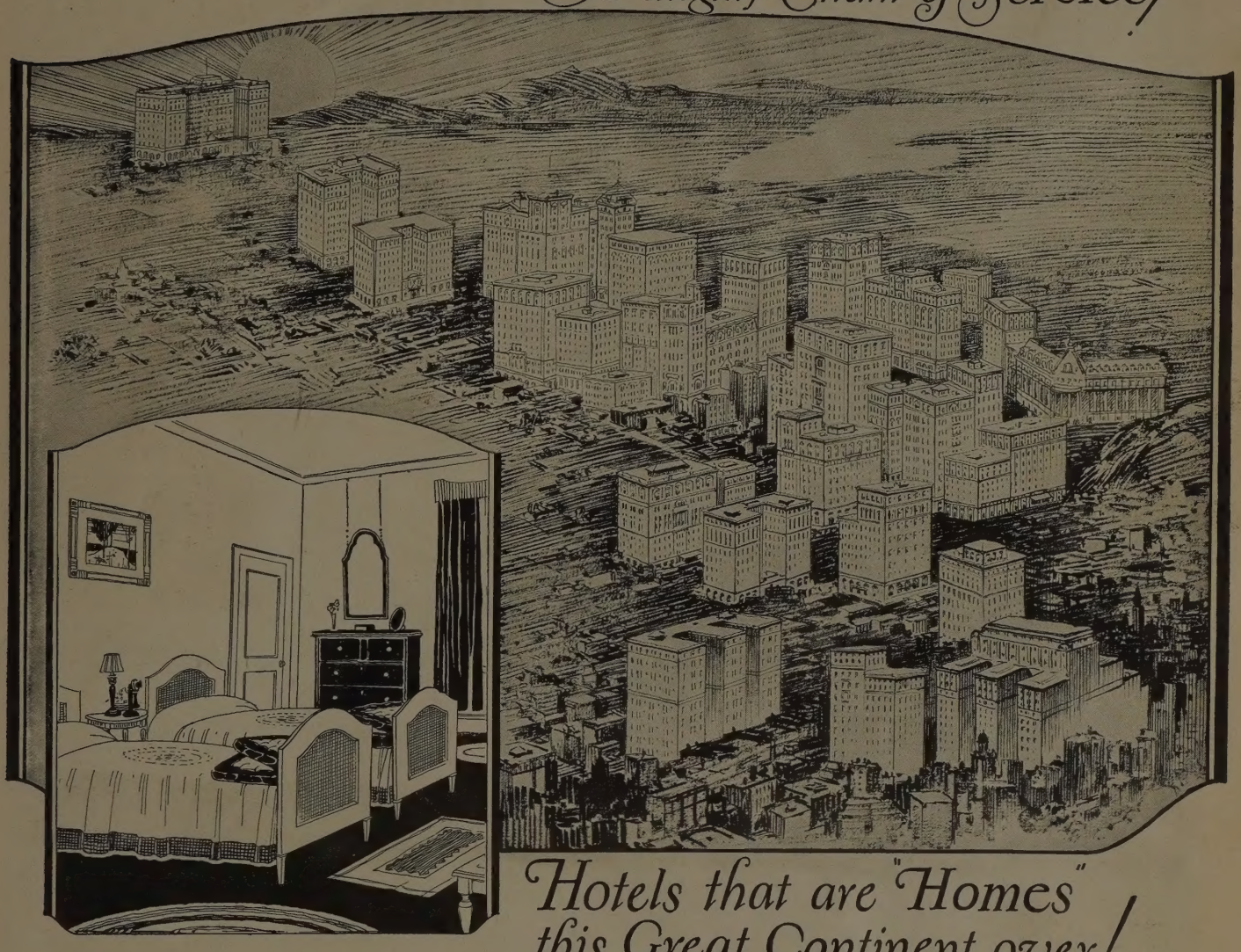

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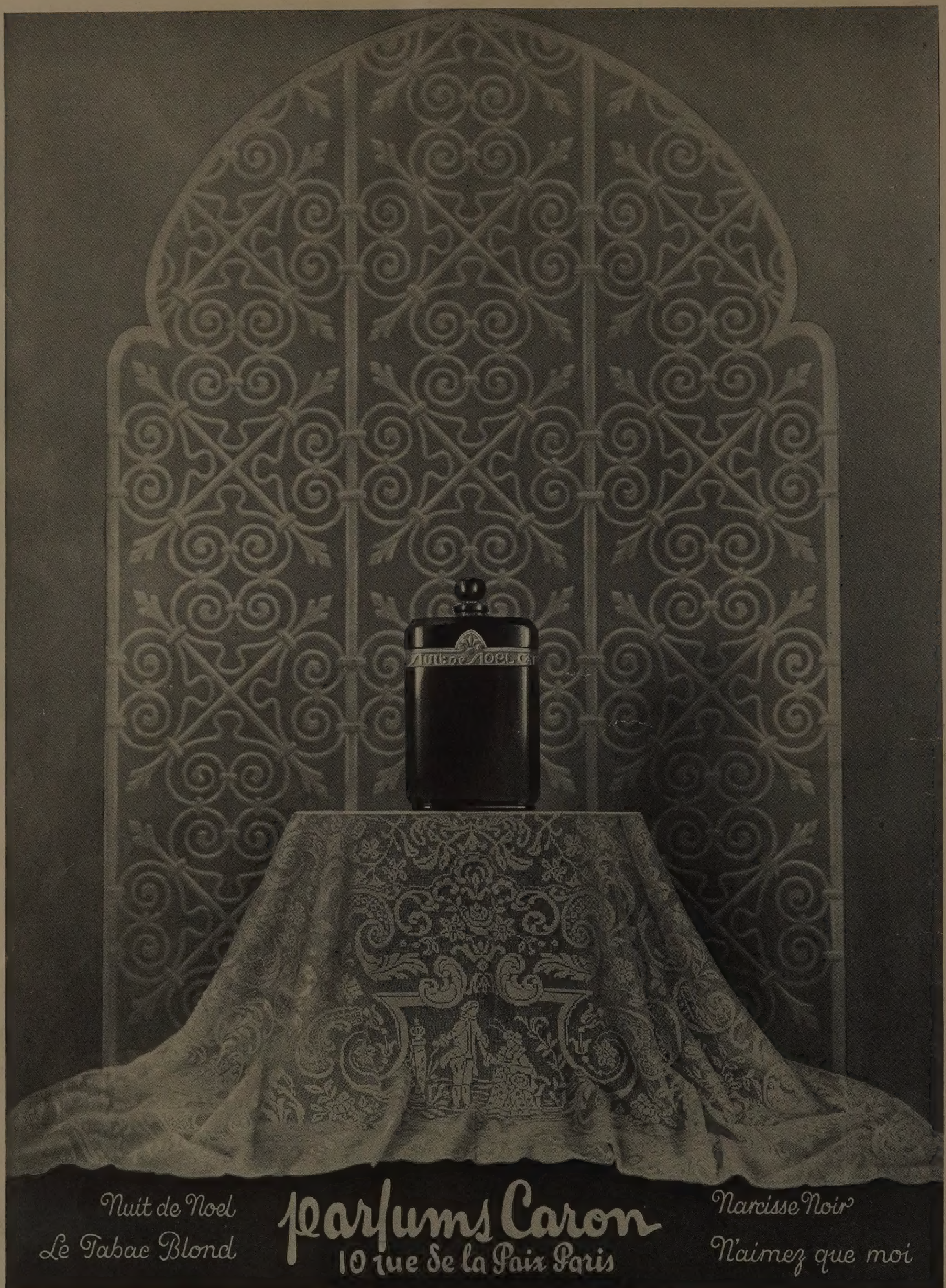

389 Fifth Avenue——CARON CORP.——New York

VOL. ~~XXXIX.~~ 40 No. 285 THEATRE MAGAZINE DECEMBER, 1924

Photo Strauss-Peyton

PAULINE LORD

One of the High Lights of the Season Will Be the Appearance at the Garrick Theatre November 24th of This Capable and Always Interesting Actress in the Leading Rôle of Sydney Howard's New Play "They Knew What They Wanted"

Photo by Nickolas Muray

LYNN FONTANNE

Dashing, Humorous, and Possessed of an Engaging Charm, the Brilliant Comédienne, Mrs. Alfred Lunt, This Season Co-Stars With her Husband in Molnar's "The Guardsman"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

In Advance of Mister Sheridan

ONE could hardly wish for a more forcible reminder—pathetically amusing if it were not so appallingly tragic—of the indifferent attitude of our present-day theatregoing public toward the classic drama than the recent decision of Mr. George Tyler to send out in advance of his newly organized *Rivals* company, headed by Mrs. Fiske, a *conférencier* specially hired to explain to potential ticket-buyers in towns along the route booked exactly what sort of play *The Rivals* is and what kind of a guy the author.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the well-known critic and former Assistant Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University, is the learned pundit hired to tell the denizens of "the sticks" something about the famous wit. It will be his delectable job to hire a hall in each town, lasso such Mainstreeters as show resistance or try to run, and cram down the throats of all and sundry some account of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and his grand old play, in which the genius of our own Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres shone at its brightest. This, it is shrewdly calculated, will create an audience for the classic, whereas if not so coached and cozened, the inhabitants of Sleepy Eye, Minn., might decide to spend their evenings at the movies.

The plan is not without merit and, if successful, will certainly find imitators. Soon we may hear of the erudite Brander Matthews or the intellectual Ludwig Lewisohn taking the stump to boom a new opus by Sammy Shipman. The Lord knows some of the Shipman plays need explaining, even more than Sheridan's.

We live in an age of labor-saving devices. The ingenuity of the twentieth century is devoted to putting together mechanical contrivances that will save man work. We have dish-washing machines, carpet-sweeping machines, clothes-washing machines. Why not a machine to spare Mr. Mainstreeter the effort of using his brain? Mr. Tyler's *conférencier,* in this instance, serves as the machine.

Away With the "Pass-Out Check"

NOTHING is more difficult than to change long-established custom, no matter how silly or out of date that custom may be. And this is as true of the theatre as of any other phase of human activity. Take, for example, the present absurd practice of giving "pass-out checks" to theatre patrons who wish to take a stroll outside the playhouse during intermissions. The object of the pasteboard check is, of course, to establish some sort of control over dishonest persons who, in the confusion attending the scramble back on the re-rise of the curtain, might try to gain admittance to the theatre on the pretense that they were part of the audience. But what added protection against such imposition does the "pass-out check" provide that is not already furnished by the seat stubs you carry in your pocket?

As a matter of fact, the seat stub gives even better protection. Not only is it proof of one's right to re-enter the theatre, but it indicates exactly what seats you occupy. It may be argued that some people throw away their ticket stubs. But they do the same with door checks. In Berlin, Munich, Frankfort; in fact, all over Germany, the "pass-out check" is a thing of the prehistoric past. Your ticket stub is the only passport demanded. In London also it has been done away with. As you come up from the stalls for air, the smart be-medaled commissionaire gives a respectful salute. Your mere presence in the house is accepted as sufficient proof of your right to be there.

Why we Americans, with all our vaunted pride at being in the lead with progressive ideas, should lag behind the rest of the world in this particular it is difficult for the foreigner to understand. The explanation is, of course, that it is simply an old custom that no one until now has taken the trouble to challenge. Well, here's setting the ball rolling. We challenge the absurd "pass-out check" as years ago we challenged the right of inconsiderate, selfish women to wear view-obstructing hats in the orchestra seats during performances.

Theatre Square's Nightly Traffic Orgy

IF Dante came to New York and looked around for a site in which to stage a new Inferno he would probably select Times Square at theatre hour as the place ideally suited to his sombre purpose. There amid the pushing, squirming masses on the sidewalks, most of them playgoers trying to reach their theatre, others mere spectators—country rubes—idling along, fascinated by the cheap glare of the multi-colored lights, jostling, elbowing, staring vacuously, the nerves tense from the shrieking of auto sirens, the clanging of street car gongs, the whole maddening maelstrom of frenzied traffic, the poet would find a startling resemblance to that lurid, flame-belching Hell which he peopled with agonized humans undergoing torment for their sins.

As conditions are to-day in the New York theatre district it is punishment enough to have to force one's way through the dense crowds. The present nightly traffic orgy used to be seen only on New Year's and Election nights. Now it is a feature every night and in case of any serious catastrophe, such as a big fire, the situation would be serious. Certainly, New Yorkers have no reason to be proud of that particular section of Broadway at theatre time. It is probably the ugliest and most uncomfortable spot in town. The reason is, of course, that the theatres, instead of being scattered, as a more intelligent building law would have insisted upon, are all cheek by jowl, rows of them side by side in the same street. Naturally, as they all fill and empty at the same hour, the pressure of the crowds becomes intolerable. Police regulation can do no more. The only thing that will relieve the situation is a foot bridge over Broadway, say at Forty-fifth Street. That would give safety to timid pedestrians who at least wish to see their play before being crushed under a taxicab. It would also facilitate the vehicular traffic. Such a bridge ought to be built without delay.

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Talent and Brains, not Financial Backing, the Real Requisite for Successful Stage Ventures

By JAMES L. FORD

Author of "Forty Years in the Literary Shop"

WHEN academic thought of the kind that ripens under the warm rays of pedagogy began to concern itself with the theatre it quickly discovered a pressing need for what it termed the literary or intellectual drama, as opposed to that furnished by managers whom it called "commercial," because of their regrettable policy in producing entertainment for which tickets can be sold without resorting to physical violence.

Close on the heels of this discovery came the notion that a remedy for this glaring evil lay in the establishment of a *repertoire* theatre in which frequent changes of bill should do away with that kindred fruit of commercialism, the long run. The word *repertoire* certainly sounds well and that is half the battle with persons who do not think too deeply; and it was not long before theorists, philanthropists, professional uplifters, almoners, authors of unacted plays, well-meaning clericals, serious-minded women of fashion—everybody, in short, who was unfamiliar with theatrical management—rallied about scholastic thought with fervent tongue and busy pen.

VARIOUS REPERTOIRE SCHEMES

OF such compelling fascination was the idea of a playhouse conducted by individuals lacking in knowledge and experience that it enchained the fancy of the cultured classes and even dazzled the ordinarily sane minds of business men and bankers who would not have dreamed of entrusting their own affairs to ignorant hands. Various *repertoire* schemes, all bound to succeed if "only Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller would step forward," reared their heads only to perish because those gentlemen remained stationary. Then a woe-begone American dramatist arose at a public gathering in Boston and declared that the State should support such a worthy enterprise, and it was in this utterance that the municipal theatre had its birth. Encouraged by the applause of his hard-headed, hard-fisted Yankee audience the speaker went on to say that the time was at hand when there would be one thousand municipal theatres scattered about our broad land and that no town of any size would be without one.

That the cost of maintaining these places of entertainment was sufficient to pay the interest on our national debt was a matter that did not concern the advocates of the scheme. Such sordid considerations were worthy of those hopelessly commercial managers who did business without waiting for anyone to "step forward."

IN THE "PALMY DAYS"

THERE were other things which eluded the keen academic mind in its owlish broodings over the sore need of a playhouse that should be independent of financial considerations and in which the policy of short runs and frequent changes of bill which characterized the historic "palmy days" of the drama should replace the long runs favored by the commercial managers. There were even those of academic breed who were led to believe that by withdrawing a play on Tuesday and restoring it to the boards on Friday the best interest of the native drama could be effectively served.

As a matter of fact the "palmy day" manager kept a piece on his stage just as long as the public would pay to see it, and his "frequent change of bill" was not an act of virtue on his part but a matter of dire necessity, bitterly deplored. The difference between the long runs of his day and the modern ones of many hundred nights was due to the limited size of the play-going public of his time compared with that of the present. Many causes have conspired to swell the numbers of those who habitually enjoy the theatre. Improved transit facilities have placed new territory of wide extent within easy reach of every town large enough to support a playhouse. The enormous element which within my own memory never entered a theatre except to see *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Ten Nights in a Barroom* has entirely disappeared and clergymen of high repute no longer denounce the stage from the pulpit. The growth of the City of New York during the past forty years is inconsiderable in comparison with that of the theatre-going public its managers can draw upon.

LIGHTS THAT FAILED

I HAVE read the circulars issued by countless schemes of the *repertoire* variety and have noted that nearly all of them are more insistent in their financial demands than are the commercial managers who do not ask the public for money until they are ready to open their doors. The more ambitious of these enterprises call for the building of a new theatre, as if there were none to be rented or played on share, and in most cases announce an exorbitant scale of prices. The earliest of these enterprises, and one of the few that actually materialized, was the short-lived Theatre of Arts and Letters which offered dreary entertainment at the then unheard of price of five dollars a seat and made a special bid for the cultured trade, which is as credulous as it is cultured. It was viewed at first with much favor by every writer who had a play to sell and with disfavor by those who sat through the plays written by others than themselves. It accomplished nothing of any value and at the close of its single season the waters of oblivion closed in over its unwept remains.

The sad history of that more pretentious and costly enterprise, the New Theatre, is still too fresh in the public memory to need comment on this page. Strange to say, its melancholy demise did not remove from minds busy with plans for the rescue of the stage from the clutches of commercialism the delusion that money is the surest foundation for a theatre of ideas. The prospectus of every dramatic undertaking that comes to my hand can scarcely be distinguished from the circular of a charitable institution so insistent is its appeal for money. I have yet to see in one of these alluring documents any appeal for talent or brains, or even common sense. Are we to infer that the committees in control of these undertakings have procured plays and players before sending out the customary S. O. S. call for funds?

OMENS OF DISASTER

NOW the committee of ladies and gentlemen of the familiar "well-known" brand whose names are so conspicuously featured in these circulars is only one of the many omens of impending disaster that the experienced eye will be quick to recognize. Looking back over more than half a century of theatre-going, I do not recall a single successful theatrical venture that was brought into the world by a committee of well-known ladies and gentlemen. Of even more sinister significance is the list of patronesses who have consented to lend to the projected playhouse the benefit of their own ignorance, and who may be relied on to demand free seats for every first night. I firmly believe that if the "following well-known society leaders" had consented to sponsor Harrigan and Hart, or Charley Hoyt or Weber and Fields, not one of those purveyors of amusement would have lived to gladden the town. It is indeed fortunate that they reserve their blighting patronage for worthless undertakings.

The very name *repertoire* is in itself a serious handicap to any project designed to amuse or instruct the public. Under the good old-fashioned name of stock company the bill may be changed with the frequency in which every scholastic soul delights, but call the same organization *repertoire* and play-goers will scent a fell purpose to sterilize innocent amusement with the unwished-for leaven of uplift and shun the premises as they would the plague. Another harbinger of speedy disaster which the eye of experience is always quick to notice and deplore is a visit from that band of theatrical banshees, the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

THE PORK BARREL

BUT to see the *repertoire* idea in its finest fruit and flavor we must take account of what the Municipal Playhouse has to offer to the tax-payers of New York. The notion of a theatre supported from the city treasury and pledged to elevate popular taste through the powerful medium of dramas of literary merit is certainly one of wide appeal. Academic thought would welcome it and every politi-

(*Continued on page* 50)

The Revues—As Their Makers See Them

Important Communiqués That Might Have Passed Between André Charlot and Flo Ziegfeld, but Didn't

By GILBERT SELDES

From André Charlot to Florenz Ziegfeld.

MY DEAR MR. ZIEGFELD:

It has been mentioned to me, more than once since I "invaded" the field of your prodigious endeavors, that you are the Prince of Revuers. Indeed, my dear Sir, with everything to gain by learning from you, I did not delay in making myself acquainted with your productions. What was visible, both in New York and on the road, I saw, and very entertaining, too, I must say. I looked over old copies of THEATRE MAGAZINE and saw pictures and reviews of your earlier productions. You are indeed to be congratulated, sir, on having supplied the American people with a vast amount of high-class entertainment.

Nor is this merely a flattering prelude to what American actors used to call "panning the roast" or "roasting and panning" I have, alas, forgotten which. I have, it is true, certain criticisms to make of your work, and I invite you to criticize mine; we are all brothers, are we not, in the Great Art of the Revue, and a frank exchange of opinions can do nothing but improve and prosper the Art to which we are so devoted and from which we derive so much of our—pleasure. No, my praise of your *Follies* is honest, and I am a Sir Hubert (since unlike some of my fellow-producers I am not a knight in my own name) as far as praise is concerned. You may take my praise without the customary Syracusan grain. In fact the salt had better be passed up, until whatever slight wounds I inflict have healed.

BECAUSE, frankly, I am appalled at your wastefulness and at your old-fashionedness; at the obstinacy with which you cling to stupid ideas and your hesitation in introducing new elements which are as close to your hand as your skin. Let me specify for a moment. How many more tableaux by Ben Ali Haggin are you going to produce? You and I are both aware that they win applause—but nearly everything wins applause if it is produced the right way. Someone has told you that they are artistic, and you believe it, although you produce in each revue at least ten scenes infinitely more pleasing to any cultivated taste. In your road show you did a splendid piece of work for *It's Getting Dark on Dear Old Broadway,* as I recall the name. The backdrop was a sort of orgy of Longacre Square and its light, and the superb Miss Gilda Gray and her cohorts came out in radiolite costumes—my word, it was superb. And then you go and put on those absurdly lush velvets and the ridiculous postures and all the rest of the high-flown rot that make up a Haggin tableau. Really, old fellow, it won't do.

And while you are about it, will you chuck those boresome old ballets in which statues come to life and what-not? Hasn't any one told you yet that Ned Wayburn is a better ballet man than Thisky and Whatoff and Whoövitch? If you want choreography, go to the fountainhead in the actual Russian Ballet which failed so miserably in New York ten years ago, and which is still a masterly organization. But if you want ballet, for Heaven's sake, my poor deluded *confrère,* get American ballet and cut these fake Russian effects with their Hei-yahs and anæmic poses in plaster. I don't want to bore you with my ideas, my dear fellow, but the Russian Ballet can get more meaning into a moderately hard step—more *beauty,* which is the real meaning—than any of us can get into a whole evening. But your American trick dancers can do the hardest steps in the most graceful manner, for the pleasure we get in seeing a difficult manœuvre properly executed—and it's your job to keep them at it and not waste your precious time on æsthetic fakes.

NO one, dear chap, puts on a revue better than you do. To use a word we are not accustomed to because we are not accustomed to the thing it represents, your productions are *slick.* Smooth, you know. A pleasure to watch them. But I beg you to let me into a secret. *Must* they be so entirely lacking in intelligence? In the sketches, I mean; on the side of humor. To be sure you haven't, in America, the tradition of humor which we have. We were lessoned, a good many years ago, by Gilbert and Sullivan, and we haven't got over the lesson yet. A lyric can be funny, and still be part of a good song number; a sketch can have lightness and gaiety without boring even a moderately intelligent audience digesting its dinner and regretting its evil gin. My American friends tell me that your Mr. Lardner has intentions on the stage. I have heard about *The Busher,* which you produced, and it sounded rather smart in a quiet way. Did it go so badly that you had to give the author the miss in baulk? There is Mr. Adams, a stout lad not without humor. Have you set him to work at any new thing for you? Aren't you, in fact, just letting yourself jog along in the old path, with book by What's-His-Name (not a bad book, but he can't last forever) and music by Goodfellow Wellmet (with an extra number by somebody with a reputation?)

Let me suggest that instead of reading the criticisms of your own revue, you read the criticisms of mine. Did you notice what pleased everybody? The sketches! They called them witty and sophisticated. They said openly, if you will allow me to mention it, that the Charlot revue was far more intelligent than any American revue in years. And what was the result? Judging by your products you ought to have predicted an utter failure in two weeks. And I am sure the Selwyns will be pleased to make public the details of your error. I am the last lad in the world to detract from the personal following of Bea and Margaret, but you know perfectly well that not even five stars can make a show (they make a jolly good liquor, Ziggy old chap, and when you're on our side I'll give you some.) Finance me for the experiment and I'll take the Lillie-Lawrence combination and sink it in the deepest sea and the darkest warehouse in the world with bad surroundings. And the songs Lillie sang—stupid, were they? Not a bit. The "March With Me" song was high-class intelligent joshing; and that bit of patter, the "I Don't Know" song that Lawrence sang—not bad, was it?

Compare your cost of production with mine; and your weekly salary list; and your results. I got new people to work for me in getting the show together, and with a small company and a handful of first-raters, I put it over beautifully. You are a slave to the millions you think you have to spend and to earn. Isn't your investment so big now that you are afraid to take chances? Aren't your shows getting a little too refined? Why are you holding Leon Errol, the genial comic, from public view, or stuffing him into a show of his own? He is a perfect character for your revues? Why is there so little apparent gaiety going on on the stage at the New Amsterdam? Why is everything so formalized and cold? It is strange for an English producer to say these things to the Prince of Revues in the kingdom of pep—but my Gallic nature will out and I will always be devotedly and admiringly yours,

ANDRÉ CHARLOT

Mr. Ziegfeld to Mr. Charlot.

DEAR CHARLEY:

That was a fine letter you wrote me. Not that I understand the half of it, but it was a fine letter and I'm glad you wrote it to me. These days I'm so busy that I can't understand how anybody gets the time to write letters, but I guess you mean it where you say we should exchange hunches so here goes.

Listen, Charley, let me tell you something about your show. You made a hit and I am not the one to crab it or say it was luck; it was good show business and I'm satisfied you should walk off with the money. But don't make any mistake. You had a novelty and you took us by surprise; so did that Russian that Morrie Gest brought over. You know, it takes even New York a little time to get over its surprise and turn around and pan the very thing they began by praising. Your show was different, and it didn't have to be good. My shows are never different, and they've

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THE SILVER BAND

A Study From the Greek by Nicholas Haz of Nelly Savage, Whose Grace and Beauty as the Première Danseuse were a Delightful Feature of "Hassan"

Congreve's Wit Amuses Broadway

Famous Dramatist's "Way of the World" a Matchless Example of Artificial Comedy

By THURSTON MACAULEY

OF particular interest to the theatre-goer this season are the several revivals of the plays of William Congreve (1670-1729), the most distinguished exponent of artificial comedy in English literature. Congreve was London's most popular playwright two hundred-odd years ago, in that licentious period of the English stage immediately following the Restoration. Though his plays are models of construction and brilliant, and witty in the extreme, Congreve, unlike Sheridan, Goldsmith and other immortals, has seldom been revived. During the last century English audiences have seen only very few performances of this famous Restoration dramatist's work. When Hallam first came to America in 1752, Congreve's plays were included in his repertoire. His *Love for Love,* his single tragedy *The Mourning Bride,* and his splendid comedy, *The Way of the World,* were often performed here. The most recent performance of the last-named play was when it was done in Philadelphia, in the early sixties, with Mrs. John Drew in the cast.

One reason for this comparative neglect of Congreve during Victorian years is that he was looked upon as too frank to be performed upon the stage. His scintillating dialogue, which your Puritans condemned as being too faithfully representative of the Restoration era, was confined to the book-shelves. But, of late, there has been a noticeable broadening of the public point of view. Audiences are nowadays more tolerant in their regard of moral issues as displayed in the theatre.

One of the outstanding successes of London's theatrical season last year was Nigel Playfair's revival of *The Way of the World* at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith. Whether this is the thing that started the ball rolling or not, New York audiences are in for a Congrevian session this winter. Though they but made their bow to the public last year with *The Man Who Ate the Popomack,* the Cherry Lane Players have begun the current season ambitiously with a revival of *The Way of the World.* The Provincetown Players announce an early production of Congreve's earlier comedy, *Love for Love,* while the Phœnix Society of London will come to these shores to give American playgoers a full repertoire of all Congreve's comedies.

PLAYFAIR'S presentation of *The Way of the World* and the Cherry Lane offering are linked in an interesting way. Some seasons ago in London this same comedy was revived for the first time in many years. The part of *Witwoud,* one of the young beaux, was acted by Nigel Playfair. *Petulant,* a similar rôle, was taken by Dennis Cleugh, a youth then making his first stage appearance. Playfair and Cleugh became close friends and each planned, at some time in the future, to produce his own revival of *The Way of the World.*

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729)

The most distinguished exponent of artificial comedy in the English language and author of *The Way of the World,* recently revived here

Playfair was first in living up to this early resolve, but merely by a matter of months, for it is Dennis Cleugh who is responsible for the Cherry Lane production.

Several years ago in London, Mr. Cleugh became quite interested in the work of a young American designer of stage settings and costumes who was studying there. This artist was Joseph Mullen. This Spring, when planning the Congreve revival, Mr. Cleugh chose Mr. Mullen as the one person best fitted to express the spirit of the times in the costumes and stage designs. The originals of Mr. Mullen's drawings, reproduced on the opposite page, indicate how charmingly and effectively he has done this.

For the Restoration days were colorful, indeed. It was the period when the men were the beaux: they wore periwigs of subtly scented hair, which they proudly combed in public—at the playhouse or coffee-house—even as the woman of to-day wields her comb in her shorn locks. Their clothes were of costliest silks and satins, with ruffles of delicate lace—of a wide variety of brilliant hues. Because they afford such splendid, rich possibilities to the designer of costumes, it is strange that there have been so few revivals of the Restoration dramas. For, certain it is that no period of history quite compares to this one in the glittering radiancy of its color, as well as in its wit and drollery.

MR. MULLEN explains that in his designs he has not given a slavishly historical representation of the period, but that he has striven, rather, to catch its humor and dash in color and line, simplifying the result in accord with modern stagecraft. Though a newcomer, his work for *The Way of the World* is not Mr. Mullen's first. Last season he was associated with the Cherry Lane Players and the Inter-Theatre Arts, and executed the settings for *The Man Who Ate the Popomack,* which Frederick William Jones III designed.

One of the wittiest and most brilliant scenes in *The Way of the World* is that between Mrs. Millamant, the charming heroine of the Congreve comedy and her lover, Mirabell. Mirabell finds Millamant alone for a moment, from her many admirers:

MIR.: Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuits be crowned? For you can fly no further.

MRS. MIL.: Vanity! no—I'll fly and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

MIR.: What, after the last?

MRS. MIL.: Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIR.: But do not you know, that when favors are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MRS. MIL.: It may be in things of common application but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent of the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very

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A servant in the guise of a noble—*Sir Rowland*

Mrs. Marwood, a stern and bitter man-hater

The sinister *Fainall*, villain of the piece

Witwoud, a light-headed beau about town

Mirabell, débonair and polished

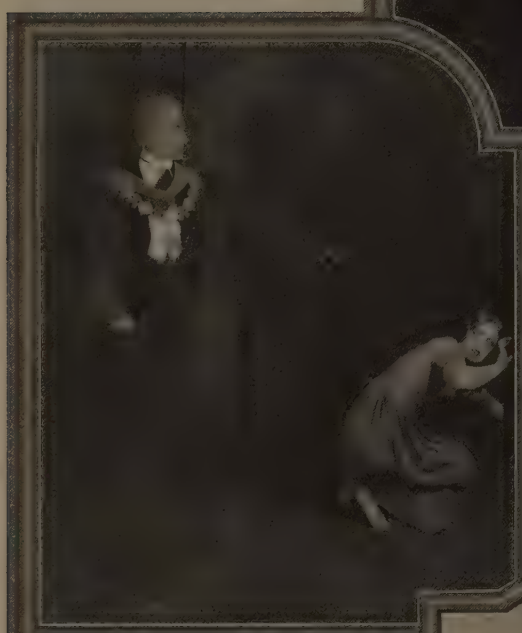
The arrogant and conceited dandy, *Petulant*

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD" IN CHERRY LANE

Quaint and Charming Costumes Designed by Joseph Mullen for Congreve's Sprightly Characters

The Aviator (*Glenn Anders*) is glad to accept the hospitality of the old marquis when his machine is wrecked in the forest, but he is somewhat startled when his host tells him the legend of the weird sorceress and her terrible powers

To win a diabolical wager, which depends on the Aviator being induced to kiss a woman before daybreak, the Girl, at the command of the sorcerer, impersonates the mother of the man she loves



Photos Crosby

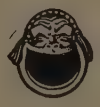
The Girl (*Florence Eldridge*), unwilling to lure another victim to destruction, and who has already lost her heart to the Aviator, defies the sorcerer (*Jose Ruben*), who threatens her with punishment and bends her to his will

Having escaped from the enchanted castle, the Aviator bids farewell to the Girl, who has saved his life and whom he now realizes holds his future in his keeping

"BEWITCHED" AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE

Poetical Play of Love and Mystery Has Thrills and Charm

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



The Guardsman

Comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre October 13, with the following cast:

The Actor, Alfred Lunt; The Actress, Lynn Fontanne; The Critic, Dudley Digges; "Mama," Helen Westley; Liesl, Edith Meiser; A Creditor, Philip Loeb; An Usher, Kathryn Wilson.

ANOTHER delightful evening at the Theatre Guild—that is how this amusing comedy by the brilliant author of *Lilliom* impressed me. There is not much to the play itself, one of those frail, tenuous, yet entertaining pieces of decided Continental flavor which manage to make a good deal out of very little, compensating for a quite obvious lack of substance by witty dialogue or audacity of situation. Mr. Molnar is an adept at this sort of stage-writing. In some of his other plays, which have already won popularity on Broadway, he has proved that he knows how to stir the deeper emotions of an audience. On the present occasion he has aimed only to be facetiously and cynically amusing, in which commendable task he has fully succeeded. The piece is the merest trifle—with only the slenderest thread of a plot—and in the hands of players less competent might prove a good deal of a bore. In fact, it did fail lamentably when Mr. Fiske tried it some eleven years ago at the Lyceum under the title *Where Ignorance Is Bliss*. But the Theatre Guild put its magic touch to the piece and, presto, a success! Which but emphasizes once more that in this admirable organization of players we have to-day America's *premier* theatre, a stage where you are always fairly certain to see fine acting and interesting plays. The plays may differ in merit, but they are still worth doing. You have at least the guarantee of an evening not wasted. The astonishing thing, in fact, is not that the Theatre Guild, whose new theatre is rapidly nearing completion, should be still seeking subscribers to its performances, as that there is not a queue a mile long of theatregoers eager to secure season seats at any price. The Guild gives a great deal for very little. Talk of your money's worth at the theatre. Assuredly you get it here.

But to return to our muttons. *The Guardsman* concerns an actor's jealousy of his actress-wife, a rather flippant, teasing sort of young person who keeps him guessing as to her fidelity. When he catches her playing Chopin and peeping out of the window, he is convinced he has a rival—no doubt the handsome soldier, an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, whom he has noticed on several occasions gazing up at their house. To test her, he hits upon a plan. He will utilize his histrionic powers to impersonate the soldier.

He sends flowers to his wife and finally a note announcing his call. Meantime, he tells her that he is called out of town to play an engagement. Coldly she says good-bye. Her manner, he notes, is distinctly nervous—a sure sign of guilt. No sooner he departs than in comes the soldier, a magnificent creature in top boots and full-dress uniform covered with orders. Bowing ceremoniously, he kisses his hostess' fingers and proceeds to make love. Charmed with his fine manners, the actor's wife responds willingly enough, employing all her gifts of coquetry in the dangerous game. She goes to the Opera and, in the anteroom of her box, her Russian admirer becomes more ardent. He presses his advantage, yet he is puzzled. She still keeps him guessing as to her real feelings. When he gets too amorous, she stiffens and grows cold, which fills him with delight; when he rises abruptly to depart, she warms up and allows him to kiss her—which fills him with renewed dismay. Finally he reveals himself and she merely laughs at him. She knew he was masquerading all along. At least so she says, and you leave the theatre not quite sure in your mind whether or not she was lying.

The play is splendidly acted. In the title-rôle Alfred Lunt adds one more hit to the long string of successes he has scored on Broadway during the last few seasons. The conceit of the self-satisfied mummer, his jealousy as a husband, his perplexity at his wife's equivocal attitude, his delight on seeing her repel the supposed Russian's advances, his despair on noting the warmth of her response to his own endearments—all this is admirable comedy, capitally acted. Lynne Fontanne (Mrs. Lunt in private life) gave an equally felicitous performance as the actress-wife. Her comedy touches were wholly delightful, her fund of humor inexhaustible. Dudley Digges played the philosophical critic in his usual quiet, effective manner, and Helen Westley, a tower of strength in any cast, was excruciatingly funny as the typical prima-donna "mamma."

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

PASSING SHOW OF 1924—A really gorgeous annual revue filled with beauty, glitter and glamour. Novel dance numbers, superb clowning and talented principals. A show not to be missed.

ROSE MARIE—That *rara avis*, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

THE DREAM GIRL—A delightful musical rendering of the fantasy, The Road to Yesterday, with score by Victor Herbert and competent cast headed by charming Fay Bainter and Walter Woolf.

THE GUARDSMAN—Amusing comedy by the author of *Liliom*. One of the best things the Theatre Guild has done. Delightfully acted by Lynne Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

THE FIREBRAND—Entertaining comedy farce based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the most amusing pieces on Broadway, with Joseph Schildkraut and other favorites in the cast.

THE FARMER'S WIFE—Highly amusing comedy of English rural life. A sure laughter maker. Effectively staged and admirably acted by Charles Coburn and excellent cast.

The Far Cry

Play in three acts by Arthur Richman. Produced by Robert Milton, Inc., at the Cort Theatre September 30, with the following cast:

Louise Marsh, Winifred Harris; Natalie Perry, Leonore Harris; Caroline, Alice John; Max Fraisier, Jose Alessandro; Eric Lancefield, George Thorpe; Claire Marsh, Margalo Gillmore; Dick Clayton, Kenneth MacKenna; Julian Marsh, Claude King; Helen Clayton, Lucille Watson; Margherita, Michelette Burani; Count Filippo Sturani, Frederick Worlock.

FASHIONABLE New York gave itself *rendezvous* at the Cort Theatre September 30 to attend the opening performance of *The Far Cry*, the initial offering of the recently organized Robert Milton Company. The *première* proved one of the most brilliant of the season, and the fare provided, while falling short of expectations in one important particular—the play itself—was, on the whole, so distinguished in the staging and the acting, so beautiful and satisfying in scenic decoration and costumes—the last word in elegance and good taste—that the evening held out the greatest promise for succeeding bills during the season and at once gave the new enterprise standing among Broadway's most important producers.

Of the play itself—since withdrawn—less can be said in praise. As a contribution to contemporary dramatic literature the piece is not important. Its story is conventional and uninteresting. With the only difference that its characters move in a smarter and more luxurious social sphere, the theme of *The Far Cry* and that of Mr. Richman's earlier piece are identical. In *Ambush*, it will be recalled, the mother, to serve her own selfish ends, lets her daughter prostitute herself for money and jewels, while the husband, a poor, weak thing, strives vainly to save his child and himself from the disaster which eventually overwhelms them. In *The Far Cry* the scene is in sumptuous surroundings in Paris instead of a shabby suburban home in New Jersey. We have the same unprincipled mother, herself carrying on amorous intrigues, encouraging her wilful, sophisticated daughter in the same kind of life, and a father who comes in the nick of time to save his little girl from the fate about to overtake her.

In the first play the author had the courage to insist on a sad ending, which at least gave his work the impress of truth and raised it at once above the commonplace. This newer play is given a happy ending which, whatever it loses in realism, should have helped it with the box-office. Yet it would not be fair to hint that realism has been sacrificed merely for the sake of a happy ending, for we see happy endings every day in actual life. All is not sadness and despair in the world, albeit Ibsen and others of his pessimistic school would have us

think so. The sun shines as often as not. In this play Mr. Richman has decided to let it shine, and I think logically. His play ends with the hope that Claire, the impulsive, proud, headstrong daughter, now cured of her follies, largely fostered by an unworthy mother, will find happiness in a new life in America with her father and Dick Clayton, the one man she has truly loved all along.

The plot is of the thinnest texture and the situations so shop-worn that they fairly creak. Nor does the writing compensate for the lack of originality and virility of idea. The dialogue is banal, rarely amusing, never brilliant. With *Ambush,* Mr. Richman showed himself one of the most vigorous and promising among our younger native dramatists, but he will have to turn out something better than *The Far Cry* to convince the world he is making any real progress in his craft.

The play had the advantage of an excellent cast. The honors of the acting went to Margalo Gillmore, who in the part of the self-willed daughter Claire gave an astonishingly brilliant performance. This young actress has before this shown of what she is capable, but never before has she played with such authority, poise and power. She alone held the interest while she was on the stage, and the proceedings grew tame when she was no longer there. A really remarkable interpretation that at once places her among American players of the first rank.

Lucille Watson gave as usual great dignity and charm to the rôle of Mrs. Clayton. Unfortunately the part is but a short one. Actresses of her quality are so rare nowadays that one likes to see all one can of them.

Claude King was only passably good as the father. It was difficult to believe from the actor's manner that he was indeed the husband of that woman and the father of this girl. He suggested rather the family lawyer trying to arrange a separation rather than a parent really solicitous about his child. But this may be less the actor's fault than that of the dramatist.

Kenneth MacKenna was excellent and very sympathetic as Dick, playing the part in just the right key. Frederick Worlock rather overdid the foreign touch as Count Sturani and the French of Jose Alessandro, who played the parasitic Max, was redolent of Sixth Avenue rather than the boulevards. A nice and amusing bit was contributed by Michelette Burani as the Italian serving woman.

There were two gorgeous sets, one showing a luxuriously furnished room in the Paris hotel, the other a marvelously beautiful scene by Livingston Platt in Act II representing the courtyard of a Florentine villa.

Grounds for Divorce

Comedy in three acts, adapted from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda by Guy Bolton. Produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Empire Theatre September 23, with the following cast:

Marte, Gladys Burgess; Felix Roget, H. Reeves-Smith; Marianne Regnault, Cora Witherspoon; Denise Sorbier, Ina Claire; Labelle, Edward Reese; Maurice Sorbier, Philip Merivale; Marie Roget, Gladys Wilson; Henriette Deschamps, Bertha Belmore; Marchese Guido Longoni, Georges Renavent.

Grounds for Divorce is a mirthless comedy, with the merest skeleton of a plot, obvious lines and a total lack of the effervescent qualities one expects in a first-class comedy. The play is an adaptation by Guy Bolton, and it is possible that it lost some of its sparkle in the translation. Translations are usually blamed for the lack of native flavor. It is to be hoped that in the original the line about the man remembering his wedding anniversary because it was the day of his mother-in-law's funeral, sounded less crude than it did in the English version. In English it was simply second-rate and vulgar.

The play material is thin. The wife of a divorce lawyer, irritated because he neglects her for his clients, throws an ink-well at him. This outburst furnishes the title. And that's about all there is to the entire piece. It could have been boiled down to a vaudeville sketch.

All of the rôles are listless ones. They permit the women in the cast to wear charming Paris gowns, and that's about all. There was little opportunity for Ina Claire to scintillate as the neglected wife. But she handled the negligible rôle in her usual piquant style.

Cora Witherspoon as the catty chum of the wife and H. Reeves-Smith, the gallant friend of the husband, had opportunity for a bit of good business with ink-wells and pheasants. But there wasn't a clever line or a particularly interesting situation in the entire three acts.

The Firebrand

Comedy in three acts by Edwin Justus Mayer. Produced by Schwab, Liveright & Mandel at the Morosco Theatre on October 15, with the following cast:

Emelia, Hortense Alden; Ascanio, Charles McCarthy; Beatrice, Lillian Kingsburry; Angela, Eden Gray; Benvenuto Cellini, Mr. Schildkraut; Pier Landi, Geo. Drury Hart; Alessandro, Frank Morgan; Ottaviano, E. G. Robinson; Polverino, Allyn Joslyn; The Duchess, Nana Bryant; A Soldier, Wallace Fortune; A Page, Edward Quinn.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, that volatile and mendacious Florentine to whom seducing a virgin or killing a man were as commonplace pastimes as eating one's breakfast to an ordinary person, is the latest addition to the glorious company of Casanova, Cesare Borgia and other immortals of the picturesque Renaissance who, these last few seasons, have strutted their amatory way across the metropolitan boards.

The rascally sculptor genius of the sixteenth century has been brought to life by Edwin Justus Mayer, a new playwright who, it may be cheerfully admitted, has written around certain episodes in the hectic career of the famous goldsmith a buoyant, boisterous and genuinely amusing comedy-farce.

The author makes no serious attempt to record the life of Cellini in any authentic fashion. He does not saddle himself with the necessity of being an accurate historian. Yet those who have read the famous autobiography recognize in the action of this new comedy, if not in the actual lines, a fair enough chronicle of the Italian Don Juan's deviltries.

The modern phraseology and slang, the Hopwood-Woods bedroom scenes, the anachronisms are what make this new comedy such delightful entertainment. The author has written and designed his play about two episodes, a murder by the temperamental Florentine and the rescue by him of a model he loved—temporarily—from the palace of the lecherous Duke Alessandro.

Joseph Schildkraut played the rôle of Cellini, the firebrand, with dash and verve. This actor lacks distinction, but he has good technique and he made a handsome stage picture in his colorful period costume. His lines, however, do not compare in drollery with those written for the Duke, a comedy rôle deliciously played by Frank Morgan. The character of the Duke itself is amusing, for Mr. Mayer has pictured him as an amiable, lackadaisical nitwit, who apologizes to his official executioner when he must deprive him of the pleasure of hanging a man that day.

Nana Bryant, an experienced and charming actress, who plays with fine poise and authority, makes a clever Duchess, and never fails to put over her suggestive lines as the author intended them to be read. The rôle of the treacherous cousin of the Duke is admirably portrayed by E. G. Robinson, a more than satisfying villain.

The mischief-making and antics of those who surround the firebrand are made doubly amusing by the fact that they are all dressed in beautiful period costumes which lend historical dignity to rôles which in themselves do not call for such authentic detail.

Minick

Comedy in three acts, adapted from Edna Ferber's story by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by Winthrop Ames September 24 at the Booth Theatre with this cast:

Lil Corey, Antoinette Perry; Nettie Minick, Phyllis Povah; Annie, Beatrice Moreland; Jim Corey, Sydney Booth; Fred Minick, Frederic Burt; Old Man Minick, O. P. Heggie; Al Diamond, Ralph Bunker; Marge Diamond, Myra Hampton; Lula, Emma Wise; Mr. Dietenhofer, Charles R. Burrows; Mr. Price, Thomas Meegan; Mrs. Smallridge, Lavinia Shannon; Miss Crackenwald, Mary Hubbard; Mrs. Lippincott, Jessie Graham; Miss Stack, Ann Winslow.

THIS play, adapted from one of Edna Ferber's charming stories, gives some idea, in three short but delightful acts, of the conflict between the old generation and the new, which has gone on ever since the world began. In prehistoric times, when the old man of the tribe reached the patriarchal age of forty, they slew him as a useless encumbrance. To-day, in view of ever-mounting undertakers' fees, the young people don't kill Dad. They simply throw him into the social discard as a hopeless back number. Convinced that their philosophy of life is the only one that counts, they make a polite pretense of listening, but the parental arguments, based on life experience, make no impression whatsoever. Dad is hopelessly out of date. He simply doesn't belong.

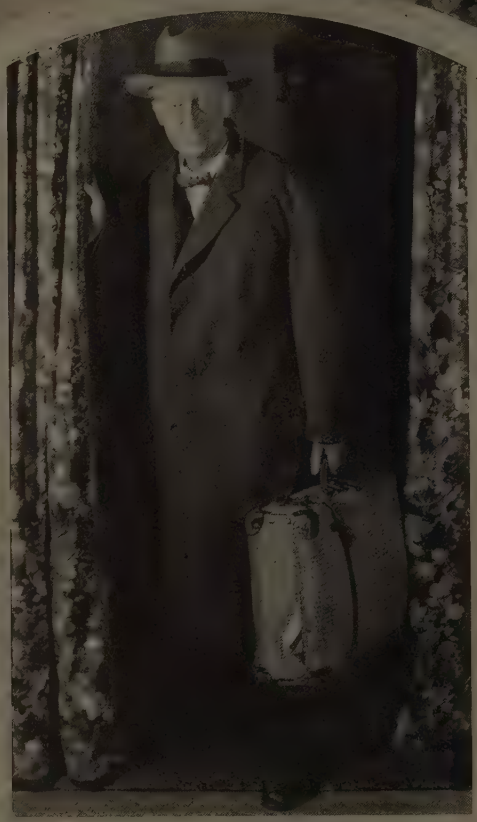
Old man Minick realized this when he left his native Bloomington to go and live with his son and daughter-in-law in Chicago. They make Pop welcome and embarrass him with attentions, but the spry old gentleman, proud of his three score and ten, doesn't relish being coddled. He proceeds to make himself at home, pottering around the house with a hammer, much to the dismay of Nettie, his daughter-in-law, scraping acquaintance with the inmates of an old man's Home close by, poking his nose into his son's private business schemes. Nettie can't help letting him see that he's a good deal of a nuisance, especially when he musses her rooms, tinkers with her lamps, invites his old cronies in with muddy boots and smelly pipes and breaks up a meeting of the local women's club.

Photo, Ira L. Hill

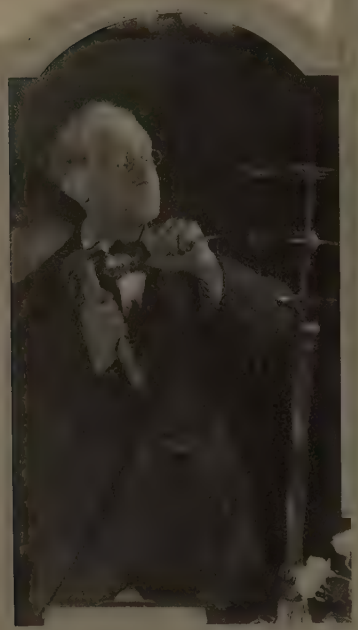
MRS. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD: A NEW LIGHT OPERA PRIMA DONNA

The Winsome Billie Burke Is Appearing in the Sprightly "Annie," a Musical Version of "Good Gracious Annabelle"

The son's wife (*Phyllis Povah*) is fed up with father-in-law, and tells her husband (*Frederic Burt*) that either he or she will have to leave



Awake at last to the fact that he is unwelcome in his son's home, Minick, Sr. (*O. P. Heggie*) packs his grip and goes to the Old Men's Home



Old man Minick hates to be idle, so when son and daughter-in-law are away, he amuses himself tinkering with Nettie's lamps

Fred misses his morning newspaper and, as usual, Lula (*Emma Wise*) rescues it from the old gentleman's room in a hopeless state of confusion

"MINICK" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Edna Ferber's Charming Story Made Into An Amusing, Human Play

The cronies, seeing how the wind lies, urge him to come to the Home. At least it means freedom, to say nothing of a game of pinochle. The young couple won't hear of such a thing, but one night when they have gone out to dinner, leaving him alone, he knows that that is the only thing left to do. He has no right to interfere with the younger people's enjoyment. On the other hand, he has his own life to live. So repacking his grip, old man Minick goes away—to the Home.

The play is full of quiet sentiment and kindly humor. The types are well drawn and the one setting imparts just the right atmosphere of the humdrum lower middle-class life to which the piece belongs. O. P. Heggie, as the elder Minick, did not give the same fine, finished interpretation as his former magnificent creation in *The Truth About Blayds*. At best it was only a conventional performance. Phyllis Povah was good as the daughter-in-law, but her performance also lacked the finish of her work in *Icebound*. In fact, none of the principals particularly distinguished themselves, with the exception of the two old cronies, Charles R. Burrows and Thomas Meegan. Frederic Burt, who played the son with fine sincerity and tact.

Bewitched

Play in three acts, with prologue and epilogue by Edward Sheldon in collaboration with Sidney Howard. Produced by John Cromwell at the National Theatre on October 1, with the following cast:

The Aviator, Glenn Anders; The Marquis, José Ruben; Native of the Forest, Albert Hall; Another, Robert Forsythe; Still Another, William Griffith; One More, Willard Collins; The Girl, Florence Eldredge; A Butler, Willard Collins; A Butler, Joseph Bingham; The Husband, Joseph Sweeney; A victim of the cosmic urge, William Griffith; Another, George Williams; Still Another, Stanley Lindahl; One More, Edwin Caldwell; A Nurse, Carol Benezet; A Doctor, Herbert Westman.

THERE is much poetic beauty and charm, quite in the mystic manner of Maeterlinck, in this interesting new love story of the stage. It is the stuff of which dreams are made. In construction it is a bit like *Beggar on Horseback*, though not satirical.

An American aviator drops in—literally—at a château in France. His plane having crashed to the ground in the midst of a dense forest, he has no alternative than to accept the old marquis' hospitality for the night. Just before the aviator retires to slumber, the nobleman tells him about the family legend—a beautiful sleeping sorceress and her weird powers.

The three acts that follow constitute his nightmare peopled with the characters of the legend. The lines spoken by the dream sorceress and the aviator on the mountain top are filled with lyric beauty. Romance permeates the atmosphere. The typical Lee Simonson settings—some of the finest our local stage has seen—enhance the play and give the proper illusion of vast space and distance. The incidental music which is played during the scenes on the mountain top help to create an eerie sense of witchcraft.

The play is consistently well acted. Glenn Anders plays intelligently and sympathetically, but he is miscast as a young dreamer. He has none of the qualities one associates with a romantic. His rôle in *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* was better suited to his personality. José Ruben, in a double rôle, is venerable and gentle as the aged Marquis and satisfyingly suave and demoniac as the sorcerer of the nightmare. Florence Eldredge is sweetly appealing as the girl who represents all women and all virtues and vices to the aviator. This is the kind of play which will appeal strongly to people in love with love.

The Farmer's Wife

Comedy in three acts by Eden Phillpotts. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Comedy Theatre October 9, with the following cast:

Churdles Ash, Walter Edwin; Araminta Dench, Mrs. Coburn; Thirza Tapper, Cecilia Radclyffe; Samuel Sweetland, Charles Coburn; Sibley Sweetland, Rosalind Fuller; George Smerdon, James Jolly; Petronel Sweetland, Violet Blythe; Richard Coaker, Leslie Barrie; Louisa Windeatt, Ethel Morrison; Susan Maine, Ruth Vivian; Sarah Smerdon, Katharine Stewart; Sophie Smerdon, Odette Kellerman; Teddy Smerdon, Edwin Phillips; Valiant Dunnybrig, Pacie Ripple; Dr. Rundle, Lawrence Sterner; Mrs. Rundle, Frances Clarke; Henry Coaker, Etienne Girardot; Mr. Gregson, H. R. Hoffman; Mary Hearn, Barbara Allen; Rev. Septimus Tudor, Leonard Carey; Hon. Mrs. Tudor, Shirley Gale.

THIS amusing comedy of English rural life, which came to Broadway with the prestige of a successful run in London, is unusually good entertainment of a novel, refreshing kind and should serve the Coburns well for the rest of the season. The piece is genuinely funny, hilariously so in spots, and throughout affords rare opportunity for broad, farcical acting of the happiest sort. The principal male rôle does not give Mr. Coburn quite as droll a character as his famous "Ole Bill," but Samuel Sweetland, the prosperous Devonshire farmer, blustering, bullying, selfish, convinced that women were invented only for his own pleasure and need only an encouraging sign to prostrate themselves at his feet, is a richly humorous creation.

Widowed several years, Farmer Sweetland thinks it about time he took another wife. He still speaks tenderly of his dear lamented Tillie, chiefly because only she knew how to cook his favorite soup. To his housekeeper he confides his intention of proposing to one of the five available females in the neighborhood, and together they prepare a list of these eligibles, spinsters and widows both. But the matrimonial plan does not work as smoothly as the farmer hoped. The eligibles will have none of him, and after a series of highly diverting proposal scenes, the farmer is forced, regretfully and wrathfully, to strike each dame's name from his list. He never thought much of women; now he is convinced of their hopeless stupidity. Finally he turns his amatory attentions to his housekeeper. What a fool he has been all this time chasing impossible women outside while here was an angel sitting at his own hearth. The play ends with him toasting the new bride in presence of her astonished rivals, who, by this time, are inclined to think the farmer not such a bad catch after all.

The play is, in some particulars, done better here than in London. The setting is more elaborate and, with two exceptions, the acting is better. Mr. Coburn himself gives a more vigorous, more spontaneously humorous characterization than the actor who originally played the part of the farmer at the Court. The George Smerdon of James Jolly is also a superior interpretation. Mr. Jolly gives of the not-to-be-denied rustic lover a more carefully studied and all the way through a more consistent performance than the London actor succeeded in doing.

But there is a bad let-down in the best rôle of the play—that of the old farmhand, Churdles Ash. This most amusing character, as played by Walter Edwin, cannot compare with the same rôle as acted abroad. Neither in "make-up" nor in the "business" is it anywhere as good. In fact, a good deal of the comic business, which in London made the old farmhand the hit of the play, seems to have been cut out, and the play suffers in this weakening of a characterization never to be forgotten by those lucky enough to have laughed over it in London. Mrs. Coburn is not Devonshire enough in speech or in manner to be quite in character as the farmer's wife. The actress who did this part in London came far nearer the author's conception.

But the play itself is vastly amusing. Don't miss it.

"That Awful Mrs. Eaton"

Comedy in three acts by John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benet. Produced by William A. Brady at the Morosco Theatre September 29, with the following cast:

Richard Hibson, Franklyn Fox; Major Taylor, Minor Watson; Mordecai Noah, Frank Andrews; Andrew Jackson, Frank McGlynn; Jim, Walter Young; Emily Donelson, Joyce Borden; John C. Calhoun, Elmer Grandin; Peggy O'Neal Eaton, Katherine Alexander; Martin Van Buren, Robert Wayne; John Henry Eaton, William R. Randall; Mrs. Hibson, Mary Ellen Ryan; Mrs. John C. Calhoun, Isabel O'Madigan; Mary Vaughan, Margot Lester; Sir Charles Vaughan, Herbert Bunston; Dr. Campbell, William Wolcott; Dr. Ely, James Bliss; John Quincy Adams, Ulric B. Collins; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Cordelia Howard Aiken; Henry Clay, William Wolcott; Dolly Madison, Mary Allen.

PICTORIALLY, this play, based on incidents which occurred in Washington during the Presidential reign of Andrew Jackson, is satisfying. Historically it is irritating. The authors make no pretense of adhering closely to history. They present as characters all the great personalities of a certain period in the nation's life—Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, John Henry Eaton, John C. Calhoun, John Branch, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Dolly Madison, Peggy O'Neal—and they behave most of the time like popinjays. Andrew Jackson, as acted by Frank McGlynn, is little more than a caricature of Old Hickory. We would like to believe that one of the former Presidents of our country, one of the world's greatest military strategists, acted with more dignity and bearing when conferring with the suave British Ambassador than he did in the play. We would like to think of the much-maligned Peggy O'Neal, tavern-keeper's daughter, who reached the high place of wife of a Cabinet officer, as witty and shrewd, not just as an insolent young wench whose repartee was limited to "Is that so!"

Frank McGlynn, identified with Presidential rôles both on the legitimate stage and on the screen, bears a strong resemblance to the pictured Jackson. As the part is written, the President is made to appear ridiculous most of the time, irascible over trivialities, the tool of an ill-bred woman, uncouth and ill-bred himself. Mr. McGlynn makes the most of an unflattering rôle and does it with a broad Irish accent. The characterization is but a travesty compared with this actor's former magnificent creation of Abraham Lincoln, one of a few unforgettable stage portraits.

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Something to Worry About

Stage Artists Less Immune Than Common Folk From Life's Petty Anxieties

By ARCHIE BELL

IT was "Madam" Sophie Tucker who made me think about it, although I had the suspicion ever since I talked to the late Gaby Deslys. Everyone on the stage seems to be everlastingly worrying about something. Not just the ordinary, restlessness that is common to all of us; no, a consuming, horrible, tormenting worry pursues most of our limelight favorites. Perhaps, as had been suggested, they are never so happy as when they are unhappy; but the truth is that all of their troubles are not exaggerated—they constantly worry about their bread and butter, or more strictly speaking, about the people who pay to see them at the theatre, and theatregoers are notoriously fickle. For example, a few short years ago Theda Bara was "great"; to-day one seldom hears her name mentioned. A few months ago Frank Tinney was so funny that audiences that saw him were convulsed, while at the moment he does not seem quite so hilariously jovial. And in the years up until 1914 or thereabouts one of the greatest soprano voices in the world was that of Johanna Gadski, who isn't thrilling the golden horseshoe as Brünnhilde to-day.

What "Madam" Sophie said was: "I'm always afraid that I'll become too much of a damned lady." Now, while it may not appear upon the surface, she thus voiced her worry that is a sort of nightmare, horrible day-dream and haunting fear concerning her future. Of all ladies of the stage, none has her feet planted more squarely on the earth, none is possessed of more uncommon sense. "Madam" Sophie knows that the public expects her to deliver what is known in the prize-ring as a knockout punch. It wants from her a "Hello there, fellers," greeting. Thus, while it is perfectly natural for her to be as polite as sweet little Queenie Smith or demure Daphne Pollard, she knows what the "paying crowd" at the theatres expect from her, realizes that she must *act* about eighteen hours a day—in short, realizes that if she should betray what she calls "Queen Mary airs," she would suddenly fall from grace, salary would diminish by a couple of ciphers per week and the gladsome moment would be over. It is enough to worry any lady, and "Madam" Sophie cannot relieve her mind of the burden.

AN INNOCENT THRONE WRECKER

OF course food for one may be poison for another. There was effervescent Gaby Deslys worrying herself to the verge of nerves that she might not be considered "good" and "nice." And if the crowd considered her good and nice, what was she to do about the international press yarn that raised her to the pedestal of distinction or notoriety? If the truth about her "wrecking of the throne of Portugal" had become known, if the world recognized her as a much-maligned little dancer who was the victim of exploitation, what about the $2,500-a-week salary? What about her future career? Oh, Mlle. Gaby worried and worried about her problems. Once I saw her weep copiously because she had been so "misrepresented" by the press of the world; but when I volunteered to print the truth, she wept even more copiously. And she spent her career worrying. What was a perfectly innocent "throne-wrecker" to do about it?

THINGS THAT CAUSE THEM TO LOSE SLEEP

AS I have said, it was "Madam" Tucker and "Mlle." Deslys who suggested to me that theatreland is populated by a worrying citizenship. Everybody's doing it. Everything that happens seems to amplify the imaginary or real troubles of the actress. For another example, that man Volstead caused Trixie Friganza worries that would have wrinkled the brow of a less perpetually beautiful face. Not that Trixie Friganza opposed prohibition, not that she ever gave so much as a side squint at the wine when it was red (or yellow), but a pint of plain beer, properly administered once a week or so, contributed rolls and pounds of fat to her already well-upholstered being. Her plumpness is Trixie Friganza's chief asset in fun-making and in the process of extracting one thousand "berries," as they are known in vaudeville, each week from the coffers of the two-a-day magnates. She abhors "fattening" food, potatoes, pie, doughnuts and some of the other things that produce flesh. A few sips of beer occasionally produced the rotundity of a burgomeister. So now Trixie Friganza lives in daily (and nightly) horror of becoming thin. Even when her days of romping the stage are over, she looks forward to the day when she overfills a porch chair and will be obliged to occupy the porch hammock. It's enough to make any fat girl worry, no doubt; and Miss Friganza is by temperament a worrier.

Nellie Nichols always is worrying that theatregoers will discover the fact that she is not Jewish but Greek. Rae Samuels worries because the crowd knows that she is not Jewish but Welsh. José Ruben worries because audiences think that he is Jewish, whereas he is a devout Roman Catholic. Leo Ditrichstein worries because everyone think he is Jewish, whereas he is Hungarian, with not the slightest Semitic strain. Alice Delysia worries about her daily food, that if slightly encouraged, produces ounces of fat, which would "spoil it all"—thus she eats like a canary. Clare Eames worries because the theatre audience thinks of her only as a queen, owing to her series of regal impersonations; and willingly, gladly in fact, would go romping through some hoydenish comedy rôle, which the managers fail to assign to her. Like Zita of Austria, she is weary of the "queen business" and it worries her.

Oscar Wilde used to exclaim: "Oh, that I could live up to my beautiful blue china." It was in much the same fashion that Maude Adams lived practically as a nun, revealing herself only before the footlights. She worried that she never could live up to the public's expectation and belief and be the almost super-woman that people generally wanted her to be.

Perhaps it cannot be said that Mary Garden worries. She is too much of a philosopher for that. But she is fretful because there are people on earth who do not take her seriously, certain persons of discriminating taste who do not admire her publicity stunts and who are woefully disappointed when she sings. She does not forgive one who suggests that she is not enthroned among the legitimate empresses of song.

Dorothy Jardon worries because vaudeville managers offer her $2,000 a week for singing, while the Metropolitan Opera does not come forward with an offer of one-fourth that amount. What's the use of having a voice if one cannot be smothered in *Aïda,* commit suicide in *Romeo and Juliet,* go raving mad in *Faust* or be stabbed in *Carmen?*

Al Jolson, strange as it may seem, spends his days worrying about his precious throat. What if the desired glass of ice-water should cause it to contract? What if a bit of desired food should "prick" it? What if sitting outside to enjoy the yacht race, the ball game or the polo match, the zephyrs should make it husky? He worries so continually and continuously about his throat that it has come to be almost an obsession, because he has a perfectly normal throat.

ANXIETIES THAT BESET THE STARS

MRS. LESLIE CARTER has worried for two decades, fearing that the public will think she is "bad," just because she has impersonated so many naughty characters. David Warfield worries because he is afraid that the public believes he is too "good," owing to his many impersonations of "dear old gentlemen." Mrs. Fiske worries because drivers of trucks sometimes whack their mules or horses, because her sisters of fashion insist upon wearing aigrettes on their hats, knowing that every yank of an aigrette from a heron's tail causes pain. She has been known to become intensely emotional concerning this cruelty—which has received what might be called triumphant publicity.

Margaret Anglin worries because the theatregoing public instinctively thinks of her as an emotional actress, so she spends much of her valuable time frittering through unworthy scenes in unworthy plays to prove that she is a comédienne. Grace George worries because playwrights so

(*Continued on page* 54)

Photo by Saharoff, Moscow

Mikhail Mordkin, Russian Dancer, Whose First Appearance in America in Company With Pavlowa Nearly a Decade and a Half Ago, Opened Western Eyes to the Glamour of the Russian Ballet, and Who Is Returning Shortly in the Ripened Maturity of His Art, under the Direction of Morris Gest

The Lady With the Beautiful Hands

Some Random Notes on a Casual Meeting With Eleonora Duse

By GEORGE MIDDLETON

TWENTY years ago I first saw Duse. It was her last appearance in America at the end of what had not been a particularly profitable tour. She had insisted on playing the dramas of D'Annunzio though the public had wanted *Camille* and *Magda*. Her final performance at the Metropolitan, however, had consisted of an act of each of her more famous rôles. As I look back through the years I recall Magda's return to her father's house and how marvelously Duse's fluent hands moved over the back of his chair, as she looked about the familiar room that had harbored her innocence.

Two years ago in Paris I saw her again. It was in Sacha Guitry's dressing-room. I had been there talking to him between the acts when she unexpectedly came in. He had told me how she had refused to allow him to pay the accustomary courtesy of having her box decorated with flowers. She had wanted to be inconspicuous. Of course, I faded out of the way as soon as I could. She did not linger long but came out into the corridor in a nervous, excited manner. Then she suddenly remembered she had forgotten something.

"Oh, mon chapeau! J'ai oublié mon chapeau," she exclaimed in her peculiarly vibrant voice, as she rushed back.

When she was here last winter I recalled the scene to her. "Oh, yes. Sacha had asked me to go back to see him and I did *en camarade*. But I was so confused in his *loge*. It was so full of people and noise. How can he stand having people there like that when he is playing a rôle? . . . I had to leave pleading a headache. I was so confused. That's why I left my hat and wrap. . . ."

We were sitting in her simple suite at her hotel in New York shortly after her reappearance on the same Metropolitan Opera House stage. There were flowers about; but nothing had been altered from its habitual furnishings. Her personal manager had arranged the meeting for me.

WHEN she heard that I did not want to interview her for publication, but merely wished to talk to her about plays and things, she consented to see me the very next day. Her horror of the formal interview had no limits. All her life she had suffered by what she had been made to say. I was told that, failing to get anything tangible from her, things were invented. It happened that once she had just received a half dozen pairs of scissors which she had sent to be sharpened. When the interviewer saw them lying on the table, the news was shortly given the world "that Madame Duse had a passion for collecting scissors." Such experiences had made her shy in meeting strangers.

Of course, I was terribly fussed. I knew she spoke no English and that I would have to speak French. When the door of her suite was opened I confess, in the darkness, I nearly mistook her companion for Duse herself. Somehow, it would have been natural for Duse to have opened the door! When she finally came in from her bedroom, she went straight to her personal manager without looking at me. Then, when he greeted her and mentioned my name, she turned quickly towards me with a measuring glance, her lips murmuring a greeting as she extended

© *Arnold Genthe*

DUSE'S LAST PORTRAIT

From a photograph taken in New York during the recent American tour of the great Italian actress

her hand, which I saluted in Continental fashion.

Though immediately impressed by the aura of her personality, I could not help but note the economy of her movement. It was all so natural and yet there was no confusion in the way each particular move was unconsciously registered. There were strands of white hair among the iron-grey that had nearly turned. Her face was sallow, without color, yet oddly enough not so wrinkled as I had expected—except the brow. Her neck seemed a bit gaunt; her high cheek-bones perhaps more prominent than in the early Lenbach painting. Yet she looked almost the same as she had seemed on that memorable return in *The Lady of the Sea*. Her eyes remain most vivid to me—dark, mysterious yet kind. I had expected something more wan and languid, too—an epic woman bowed by a world of personal sorrow. But when she began to speak almost immediately with great rapidity and without any hesitation in searching for her words, I felt an unsuspected personality. Not once during the half hour, which she graciously granted me, was there any lessening of her verbal attack or vitality. Somehow, this gave me quite a shock since, just before, her manager had told me as her train left Paris she had huddled in the corner of her compartment asking timidly "Do you think there is a place in America even for me?"

I HAD no difficulty in following her French though she had a pronounced Italian accent. She very generously devined my meaning when my phrase halted in confusion; for I was recording my impressions of her and trying to think in another language. She instantly asked me if I had a play that would suit her. I knew the great problem which confronted her on a tour was the fact that, as had been her custom, she had engaged her company by the year, whether they played or not. Acting so seldom as she did and with a limited repertoire, which, however, necessitated a fairly large company, it was practically impossible to make her touring financially profitable. With this in mind I had therefore come to suggest to her the possibility of an evening of one-act plays, which, being frequently altered, would yet allow her public a chance to see her in a variety of rôles, and with simple scenery. The idea appealed to her immensely. She had never thought of it before and she immediately saw its value to her peculiar demands, since people really came to see her act and not the plays themselves in a foreign language.

"It is practically impossible for me to find new rôles," she said. "The Italian dramatists now only write for young women stars. The problem of the young alone seems interesting to the public—not the old. I understand it is the same here in America. Do you think you could find me such rôles among your writers? There are so many problems that come late in life. But the older woman seems no longer interesting in the Continental drama. I feel I shall find something here that I can use. I cannot explain it. As I came nearer to America I felt my own vitality increasing. And I do feel so much vitality here. I have so many young people coming to the theatre to see me. But I must change my repertoire. I realize my present plays are not suitable. I cannot play Camille and Sardou. I am too old. And then times have changed and I, too, must have new things. Perhaps I could more easily find a repertoire of one-act plays."

When I suggested the possibility of an international program of such plays her eyes lighted with the idea.

"I might do two on an *affiche*, with some music between. That would be enough. In fact, I had thought of doing

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THE GRAVE OF ELEANORA DUSE AT ASOLO

This Little Village in Northern Italy, Beloved by Browning, is Where Lord Byron also is Buried. The Man Standing Uncovered in the Rain is Morris Gest. The American Manager Had Promised to Visit the Actress at her Home in Asolo July 18th. He Kept His Promise Though Death Had Made the Meeting a Silent One

Laughs While You Wait

Yankee Comedian and London Playwright Turn Alleged British Humor Into Real American Fun

By RICHARD SAVAGE

A WELL-KNOWN British author and a favorite Yankee comedian met and became fast friends because of a German farce. They were drawn together by English idioms. Their friendship was further cemented by American slang. And they join forces this season in a new comedy with a French-sounding title—*Louis XIV*—which Florenz Ziegfeld is about to produce.

An international sort of alliance!

Arthur Wimperis, an Englishman, wrote *The Girl in the Taxi,* the lyrics for *The Arcadians, As You Were* and *The Balkan Princess.* The American comedian, Leon Errol, was, as you know, the irresistibly funny stumbling waiter of *Sally* fame. I sought them both out at Mr. Errol's apartment on West Seventy-seventh Street, where Mr. Wimperis is a guest during his stay in this country.

Leon Errol was all dolled up in a striped baby-blue blazer for the occasion. Mr. Wimperis, in plain business clothes, was puffing away at a short-necked pipe. He sat before a table strewn with sheets of a manuscript. Leon Errol, hands in blazer pockets, was saying:

"A bowler! A bowler! For God's sake, Arthur, call it a derby."

"But, my dear fellow, it's such a bully-sounding word, don't you know—derby, derby. I can't quite stick it."

"Stand it, you mean, don't you? Stand it!"

The argument ceased abruptly on my entrance. "A battle?"

"I should say not," said Errol emphatically. "He's just my boy friend. But we get all muddled up with his English idioms and my American slang. Sometimes he tries to high-hat me, and——"

"High-hat! High-hat you. What's a topper got to do with it?" queried the puzzled English dramatist, with a furrow gathering on his brow. Mr. Errol patiently explained the significance of this new piece of American slang. Mr. Wimperis was delighted with it.

"THAT'S a beauty, that is! I'll have to employ it some time."

Errol laughed and jibed:

"You've got plenty enough trick words without accumulating any more. For instance, what do you say when a man is drunk?"

"He's blotto," responded Mr. Wimperis promptly. "Or absolutely shot away."

"Blotto, blotto," mimicked the irrepressible Errol. "Why don't you say mulled, pickled, cock-eyed or tanked?"

Then being really amiable souls and boy friends after all, both the English dramatist and the American actor explained how it happened they were working together and identified with the same play. Mr. Wimperis, who has a humorous face and a droll way of expressing himself, was the spokesman:

"I had a cable to come over on the next boat to adapt a German farce for Mr. Errol. I had never been in the United States before, had never met Mr. Errol and had never seen him work. I came over on a stormy sea, and when I landed six ambulances met the ship. Not such a topping start thought I.

Photo Goldberg

Arthur Wimperis, English author of Leon Errol's new comedy, *Louis XIV,* holds the American comedian prisoner while telling some of his British jokes

"Then a heat wave broke, and I was submerged, absolutely laid low. It was terrible. I couldn't breathe. Laid on my back gasping. Couldn't do a bit of work. The heat wave passed and a cold one arrived. I caught a terrific cold and felt more dreadful than during the heat. There I was living in solitary and unhappy grandeur at a strange hotel, struggling against odds. The German farce couldn't be found. Everything was getting worse and worse. Just when I was ready to swim out to the *Homeric* and go straight back to England in desperation, Mr. Errol came along. He took me home, and here I am.

"When the German farce was finally located, it was found to be utterly lacking in interest. The few situations were all broad comedy ones. I soon learned that I would have to write an entirely new play, inventing a heroine and hero, a sub-hero and sub-heroine and a deputy sub-hero and deputy sub-heroine. I also had to invent charming surroundings for the play, which would give Mr. Ziegfeld the opportunity of displaying his talents. The play, I was told, had to be ready in three weeks from the day I landed. Writing it here in Mr. Errol's home, with his personality constantly in the foreground, is an ideal arrangement, I find. The title-rôle can be tailored to fit him. I cannot, naturally, discuss the new comedy, but I do want to say it is not a period play."

Mr. Wimperis paused and looked about him helplessly. Evidently he was searching for something. Mr. Errol promptly handed him a tall glass filled with chinking ice and a cold drink.

"IF only my man were here," said Mr. Wimperis wistfully.

"There you are! Another British whim," ejaculated Mr. Errol. "An Englishman is helpless without his valet." Arthur here almost pined away at the start because he had left his man in England. Every time he squirmed in his chair, we handed him a cold drink, knowing how he suffered during the heat wave. He's fed up on drinks now and yearns for the discerning valet, who knows how to anticipate his every wish. However, in time he won't worry even about valets, I hope. He's getting more Americanized every day."

Mr. Wimperis nodded in agreement. "Yes, indeed, I can talk through my nose beautifully now," he boasted, demonstrating, and producing a harsh nasal twang. "And every time a young woman interrupts a conference, I can say glibly: 'Come right in, sweetheart.' "

Mr. Errol: "Say, do you remember that man I introduced you to last night?"

Mr. Wimperis: "The one who insulted me?"

Mr. Errol: "Whadd'ye mean, insulted you?"

Mr. Wimperis: "When we entered the club, I overheard him whisper to you, 'Say, Errol, who's the guy with you?' "

Mr. Errol shrugged hopelessly.

"Nothing offensive about that at all. It simply means: Who's the chap with you?"

"Well, in England a guy is a grotesque figure. On the fifth of November guys are burned in effigy all over England by little boys with firebrands. A guy is really a terrible creature." Mr. Wimperis added: "Of course, later I found your friend was an absolute topper."

Mr. Errol: "A silk hat?"

Mr. Wimperis: "No, a good sort."

Mr. Errol: "You mean a regular fellow. Nothing as expressive as those two words,

(*Continued on page* 48)

MARILYN MILLER: THE NEW PETER PAN

Barrie's Beloved Sprite of Youth is Soon to Revisit us in the Elfin and Engaging Guise of Mrs. Jack Pickford

Intimate Memories of Lotta

How the World's Richest Actress Fascinated Audiences Through Four Decades

By AUGUSTA RAYMOND KIDDER

THERE died the other day a native actress whose very name was almost unknown to the present generation of theatregoers, and yet who for nearly half a century endeared herself to American audiences all over the land as no actress has done since. And what perhaps is even more astonishing, she left behind her a fortune conservatively estimated at four million dollars. The actress was Lotta—Lotta Mignon Crabtree.

Lotta—she was christened Lotta, not Charlotte—was born in New York, on Broadway near Eighth Street, of English parentage in 1847, and died in Boston last month.

She was unquestionably, for upward of four decades, the sparkling "evening star" of our American comedy firmament. Such plays as *Zip, Musette, La Cigale, Bob* and *The Little Detective* brought her fame and fortune, after she had made a triumphant success in John Brougham's dramatization of Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*—renamed *Little Nell and the Marchioness.* She played both parts, and this vehicle continued to be highly profitable almost to the end of her career.

Edward E. Kidder, the dramatist—who managed Lotta for a season, wrote her a play and attended to her American business during her London engagement—tells many interesting anecdotes about this splendid little woman who was such a credit to her profession and her sex. Of her amazing childhood experiences in California, I have a full account, given me by the actress' wonderful mother, Mrs. M. A. Crabtree, who kindly, yet autocratic, was the terror of managers, a great number of whom had tried to lure her little "star" away. The established actresses, in many cases, at first resented Lotta's meteoric rise in the profession. Her initial engagement, at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, shook the rather passée "stock star" to her depths. She wrathfully exclaimed:

"Who is this Lotta person? Starred the same as I am? Ridiculous! *She* must open the bill. I'll follow." (All players hate to "open the bill," for the attendance and appreciation are generally scant.)

LOTTA opened the bill! She was not well known, so there was only a fair house, yet it received her with peals of laughter and constant applause, dwindling away before the local favorite appeared. This added to the veteran's fury, and she exclaimed wrathfully:

"To-morrow night *I'll* open the bill. This Lotta can have the leavings!"

It was so advertised. The first part of the program drew very few spectators, but when Lotta's farce came on, she played to "standing room only," which lasted throughout the engagement.

Said Mrs. Crabtree on one occasion: "The night Lotta made her first appearance in *Little Nell and the Marchioness,* we walked, carrying her costumes in a parcel, from our lodging in Amity Street

Lotta in two of her popular rôles, the Irish boy in *The Little Detective* and the title-rôle in *La Cigale*

(now Third Street) to Wallack's Theatre, Broadway and Thirteenth Street. We felt that the performance was a great success, and after it was over waited and waited for Crabtree to take us home, finally going alone. Then we remembered that he had the front-door key and that our landlady was away for a few days. We couldn't get in, so sat on the doorsteps until three o'clock in the morning, when Crabtree appeared!"

Lotta responded quickly to the ludicrous. The ragged Marchioness visits ill Dick Swiveller in his wretched lodgings and, to cheer him up, dances while he—in bed—plays an asthmatic flute. Back of this bedroom the graveyard scene was always "set." In a small "one-night stand" the stagehands accidentally pulled off the bedroom too soon, so Swiveller found himself tootling to the empty air, while Lotta danced wildly to the tombstones!

Her first appearance in New York was at a hall—an annex of Niblo's Garden—in *The Pet of the Petticoats* and an Irish farce, the title of which I have forgotten. This was in the early 60's. My own association with her, later, privileged me to know her as the most devoted of daughters and delightful of sunny-hearted friends. On the stage wildly frolicsome, in private life demureness and dignity itself, unbending only to her intimates. A little royal democrat, absolutely unpretentious, but commanding, without effort, constant respect.

LOTTA was really a female comedian, not a soubrette. She had what the actors call a "hard study." Committing speeches to memory was to her a terrible task, and she possessed little ability for serious characters. As the Marchioness she was perfect and absolutely happy. Dickens would have loved her in it, but as Little Nell only so-so, and realized it, though her appearance alone would have "starred" her in the part! But up to almost her last performances she would, as Little Nell, walk up and down her dressing-room, patting her chest and saying, "Now I'm poor Little Nell and very serious! My dear grandfather has stolen money. We are in great trouble—he is very old. I am very ill—shall die soon! Serious! Serious! Serious!" Thus working herself up to the proper pathetic pitch until going on.

She was a perfect little beauty for years and years, always very lovable and extremely pretty. Her curling hair was mahogany red her eyes brown, her mouth a "Cupid's bow," nice teeth with a complexion, until she was fifty, that a young girl might have envied, even prettier off the stage than on, and at heart a Peter Pan, who never did grow up. She had a childish figure. Her hands were her least charm, always appearing older than she did. But they were capable hands. She was a really good pianist and had a truly beautiful singing voice, also possessing much skill as a portrait painter, excelling where many great artists fail, in securing the likeness.

Mr. Kidder says that in all their thirty-two weeks' season he never saw Lotta really angry but once. Think of that, ye temperamental stars. He tells this story: In Kansas City—house crowded, as usual—a "pass two," with no signature, was handed me by the doorkeeper, and I promptly refused it. The applicant said: "Mr. Anderson gave me this pass." "Mr. Anderson," I answered, "is a member of this company, with no authority to issue passes." The couple disappeared. Then came a stage-hand. "Miss Lotta would like to see you, sir." I went back and found my little "star" in a fearful temper, her face as red as her hair! "Mr. Kidder, is this your company or mine?" "Yours, of course." "Then why did you refuse my

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(*Below*)

Con Conrad, whose infectious melodies have been world-wide hits, last season provided the tuneful operetta, *Moonlight*, and this season is responsible for three musical shows

Muray

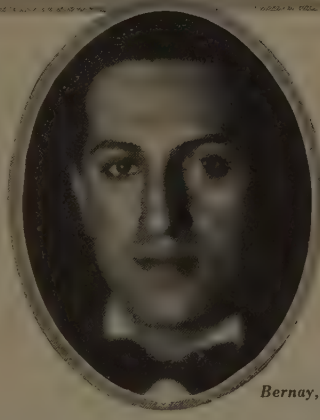
(*Below*)

Buddy De Sylva, lyricist and ukulele virtuoso, provided many of the moods made national by Jolson, *April Showers*, *California, Here I Come*, and is the author of this year's *Scandals*

Muray

Jerome Kern, of the famous Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern Princess Theatre triumvirate, is the most prolific of the composers. His tuneful *Stepping Stones* is in its second season

Grant Clarke, wit and lyricist, collaborator with Edgar Leslie in a hundred song hits, *Blue*, *Oogie Oogie*, *Wa Wa*, *He Loves It*, etc., is now occupied with words for the fashionable highbrow diva, Florence Mills, in her new musical play



Bernay, N. Y.

Edgar Leslie, publisher as well as author of such native hymns as *On the Gin*, *Gin*, *Ginny Shore*; *Oh, What a Pal Was Mary*, last season scored with *Dirty Hands, Dirty Face*, and this with *You'll Never Get to Heaven with Those Eyes*

George Gershwin—this is the young man whom the highbrows are beginning to take seriously! His *Rhapsody in Blue* has been critically acclaimed a brilliant contribution to the school of modern music. Mr. Gershwin has returned to irreverency as the composer of *Scandals*

George Meyer, author of such popular sensations as *Sittin' in a Corner*, *Sunshine of Virginia*, *Sleepy Hills of Tennessee*, *You're in Kentucky Sure as You're Born*, turns out as many hits a season

© *Underwood*

Gene Buck, lyricist of the *Follies*, has been the author of the season-after-season song hits which the extravaganza invariably furnishes

Irving Berlin, the chief by right of genius of the Broadway minstrel clan, before whom even his contemporaries make genuflexion

Apeda

Dave Stamper not only writes the *Follies'* song hits as he has for many seasons, but plays in the revue and in Keith vaudeville

THE GODS OF TIN-PAN ALLEY

"Let Me Make the Songs of a Nation; I Care Not Who Makes Its Laws"

The Men Who Write the Hits

V: Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, Authors of the Much Discussed "What Price Glory"

By CAROL BIRD

WHILE a blazing trail of publicity follows the war play, *What Price Glory,* along its successful way, the two men who wrote it remain in the background. While Department of Justice operatives, men from the Mayor's office, Army and Navy officers, moralists, reformers and purists conduct a crusade against this much-discussed and criticized piece, Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, its authors, tactfully keep out of the limelight. While the box-office men at the Plymouth Theatre hang up "Sold Out" signs, and the regiment of crusaders are busy with the pruning knives, cutting out marine blasphemies and oaths, the two men responsible for the play stay away from the turmoil and say nothing.

They have offered no palliative for what has been termed the obscenities in the dialogue of the U. S. Marines in camp, dugout and barroom who people their drama. They have not attempted any defense of what some call the offensive vocabulary of *Glory.*

Perhaps their serenity is due to the realization that they have put over a hit. Perhaps they rejoice over the *furore* it has caused, knowing that a puny play, like a meek man, makes no enemies, stirs no dissension. Perhaps in the privacy of their office or club their faces break into self-satisfied smiles. Perhaps they nudge each other and say: "Good for the hard-boiled stuff. It's got 'em coming."

MAXWELL ANDERSON and Laurence Stallings are iconoclasts. They would destroy Moloch. Perhaps they are pacifists. Mr. Stallings, badly wounded in the World War, wrote a novel, "Plumes," which is a bitter denunciation of war. The protagonist of this book, obviously a pacifist, assails the idea that, under certain circumstances, war is justified. War, according to his reasoning, can be neither glorious nor honorable, no matter what the provocation. While in the hospital having his wounded leg amputated, he becomes convinced that war is damnable and unworthy of a civilized nation. He does not offer a suggestion as to the action to be taken if the Monroe Doctrine were challenged by a European power. He is simply unalterably opposed to war. That is the philosophy of the pacifist hero of "Plumes." What the authors of *What Price Glory* had in mind when they wrote their drama no one knows. Was it a wish to put over propaganda against war or just an urge to write a play and scoop in some royalties. I do not know, for they have not confided in me. They refused to be interviewed. Of course, in their case, additional publicity can be lightly considered in view of the fact that, without a particle of effort on their part, they are holding the front pages of the newspapers daily with two-column stories.

So the foray of censors continues to chasten and purify the dialogue of the forceful and ironic play of the war days. And the creators of it continue to maintain an eloquent silence. Deprived of their intimate views and an opportunity to draw them out in an interview, those interested will have to be satisfied with garnering elucidating facts about them and their play.

Laurence Stallings (left) and Maxwell Anderson, whose luridly written war play has shell-shocked little old New York into spasms of alternate praise and censure

Glory was sold and produced in less than six months after it was conceived. This is seldom the happy history of most artistic and box-office successes.

The idea germinated in the editorial rooms of the *World,* where Anderson and Stallings are editorial writers. During the hours of "shop talk," Stallings, who was a captain in the Marines, regaled his companion with colorful anecdotes of his war days. Anderson, who had already written several plays, was always searching for dramatic material. He realized immediately that he had found it here. Stallings was also of the opinion that the Marines could furnish stage material, but his idea was to use it for a musical comedy.

Anderson urged his companion to tell him more and more about his life with the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division. One day he appeared with the manuscript of *What Price Glory.* At any rate, the general structure was there and the theme. There was the story of the battle between the captain and the top sergeant over the French girl who was willing to be a friend of the whole United States Army almost. But the dugout scene did not satisfy Anderson, and so every evening, for a week or more, he left his small uptown apartment and went to the Public Library, where he could write without disturbance.

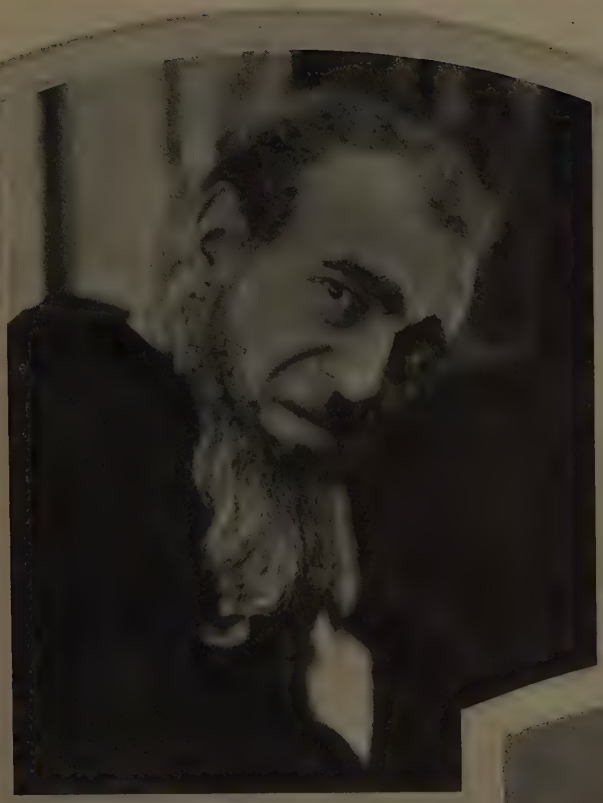
THEN Stallings, who had seen actual service, took over the manuscript to give it local color—the living, realistic touch. He made the Marines in the cast talk like Marines as he had heard Marines talk, forcefully and not always with delicacy. Soon life-like characters emerged from the closely written pages. The collaborators shortly viewed the finished play.

Then one evening Stallings was dining with a newspaper friend at a hotel, discussing the newly finished play with him and wondering how he could bring it to the attention of Arthur Hopkins. And as at the crucial moment on the stage, Mr. Hopkins entered. He promised to read the play. But Stallings feared that it might be "railroaded" and overlooked. He exacted a promise from the producer to read it at once. A few days later Mr. Hopkins phoned the *World* office. Mr. Stallings was summoned to the Hopkins office, contracts were signed and advance royalties paid. So was *Glory* born!

Laurence Stallings was born in Macon, Georgia. His first work was as a reporter for the Atlanta *Journal.* In 1917 he enlisted in the Marine Corps for five years. For ten months he was a second lieutenant, and with that rank he left for France with the Fifth Regiment of Marines. He was promoted overseas, and as a first lieutenant he was in command of his company at Belleau Wood, where he was seriously wounded. A few days later he was made a captain. He spent eight months in hospitals in Europe, two years in hospitals over here. All this time he suffered excruciating pain with his wounded leg, which later had to be amputated. When he left the last hospital in Washington, he attended the graduate school of Georgetown University, where he took a course in economics and received a degree of Master of Science. Then he worked on newspapers in the capital, and as soon as he could walk, came to New York and joined the staff of the *World.*

Recently "Plumes," his first novel, was published. It is obviously autobiographical, an embittered denunciation of war uttered through the lips of Richard Plumes, his protagonist. The book itself is dedicated to "An Unknown Soldier." Helen Purefoy Poteat is easily identified as the sweet and tender "Esme" of the story.

(*Continued on page* 50)



FIRMIN GEMIER

Under the auspices of the United States Government, France's greatest living tragedian has come to America with the company of the Théâtre de l'Odéon to appear in a classic repertoire. His Shylock, in which rôle he is pictured here, is at sensational variance with the merchant of Anglican tradition

MADAME SIMONE,

France's distinguished dramatic actress, who has returned to America to appear under the management of Anne Nichols in a repertoire which includes a new play by that astute manager, as well as a poetic drama by the artiste's husband, François Porché

DRAMATIC ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY FROM PARIS

Two Eminent Artistes of the French Stage Honor the Current Broadway Season With Their Distinguished Talent

ODALISQUE

An Oriental Study by Maurice Goldberg

S·C·R·E·E·N·L·A·N·D

In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter——Three Women——Vanity's Price——Feet of Clay

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

JUDGING from recent specimens there seems to be a concerted effort on the part of producers to inject new blood into the clogged veins of the cinema. New names are appearing in nearly every department of the producing ranks and new faces are appearing on the screen. Pictures bear the names of unknown directors, scripts are being entrusted to fresh adapters and scenario writers, and the result is that instead of the old stereotyped situations, the imprint of the faithful rubber stamp on every scene, and the hackneyed use of every old device and treatment, the screen shows a tendency to loosen up a bit and let imagination have a chance.

Anything new has always seemed to present something of a bugbear to even the astutest producers. Each company would seem to have taken a solemn oath to follow the beaten track. Every picture must have a "punch," and "heart interest," "fan favorites," and "names." The demand for names got to be a sort of a fetish. If any young man or woman came along with an idea or a set of ideas, it was a foregone conclusion that the applicant should be relegated to the background if he or she didn't happen to have been in the business since its real infancy, and showed no particular reason why his or her name should be plastered in electric lights all over some picture house in the Middle West.

Imagination, a producer would say, we don't want it. It won't bring any money into the theatre, we want names, and some one who knows the business.

But with the passing of the years a few persistent newcomers managed to forge their way to the front, and pictures have shown such a marked improvement with their advent that more and more producers seem inclined to give the young fellow "a chance," and the wonder of it is they are making good.

DANGEROUS MONEY

BEBE DANIELS carries her starring honors beautifully and with a gentle dignity and a blessed repose hitherto unknown. Frank Tuttle in his first directional effort for Famous Players has discovered a new Bebe, a far more developed and entrancing Bebe with the result that *Dangerous Money,* in addition to being an unusually good photoplay, is something of a personal triumph for the star. Granted more photography such as Roy Hunt's, direction of the caliber of Frank Tuttle's, and first thing you know little Miss Daniels will be getting "daggers" from the other stars around the lot.

While *Dangerous Money,* as we have already observed, is an unusually good picture, it has its weak moments. It is the study of a young girl who comes into a fortune and is gradually weaned away from her young Irish lover, all so simply and so humanly told that you are just beginning to get thoroughly interested when with some bits of false psychology, the girl is whisked off to Europe, and through some very clumsy manœuvering marries the wrong man. This brings a commonplace element into the picture which mars its complete success. A fire in the last reel is excellently and dramatically done, and altogether Frank Tuttle, with his sure touch and his sense of values, shows that nobody made a mistake when they entrusted him with a megaphone, a pair of puttees and the privilege of wearing his hat on backwards. Tom Moore, always refreshingly natural, is the young man in the case and runs Bebe an interesting race for first honors.

Monte Blue as Deburau, who in celluloid becomes "The Lover of Camille"

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER

SAM GOLDWYN is indeed responsible for a good deed in a naughty world. Goldwyn has always had the courage of his convictions, and moreover he has always had ideas, but probably he accomplished his most noteworthy achievement when he brought *Potash and Perlmutter* to the screen. We have heard the big producers exclaim against comedy as a good business proposition, and seen them cast aside one good play after another, but with the appearance of *Potash and Perlmutter* in the motion-picture houses, Goldwyn has made a coup for which every tired business man and every one who loves a laugh should accord him a vote of thinks.

In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter is the latest of the series. The motion-picture experiences of these amiable Jewish gentlemen is well worth anyone's time, and the picture has been so humorously captioned by Montague Glass that it cannot fail to evoke a response from even the most confirmed gloom.

Alexander Carr is seen in his accustomed rôle and George Sidney takes the place left vacant by the death of Barney Bernard. They give a lively and sympathetic portrayal of the two lovable characters whose faults are superficial and whose actions are filled with unconscious humor. Probably two such effective representations have never before been seen in pictures. An effective bit of the picture presents the Talmadge sisters, who, in gracious mood, take the parts of two applicants for screen jobs. Betty Blythe has a part that suits her, and she fairly revels in it. She has been unfortunate in her recent rôles, but as the "vamp" in the new Goldwyn picture, she covers a multitude of the past sins of casting directors.

HER LOVE STORY

GLORIA SWANSON is by no means at her best in the adaptation of Mary Roberts Rhinehart's story *Her Majesty the Queen.*

Miss Swanson has unquestionably shown great versatility and advancement during the past season but that is no reason why she should be compressed into kiddie clothes with her tresses streaming down her back, and made to behave like an ingénue. This imaginary kingdom story could have been effective only if an atmosphere of romantic illusion had been created—like a fairy-tale, delicate and fragile—but instead of this it is just one of those Graustark affairs that not only taxes your credulity but your patience.

The choice of Ian Keith for the leading man was unfortunate. It is difficult to believe that behind this flabby countenance beats the bravest heart in Vlatavia or wherever it is supposed to be.

Then, too George Fawcett seems out of

character. As a conniving, selfish parent you expect him to disclose that kind heart that is more than a coronet beneath that blustery exterior, but somehow you are fooled there, too. He is imperious and worthless to the end. The one sure-fire element about the picture surrounds the throwing of secret notes over the garden wall which fall inevitably at the feet of the addressee, when torture and instant death would be the result of a hairbreadth's miscarriage.

To be sure the picture is beautifully mounted, and deftly edited by that expert of the titling room Julian Johnson. But even that fails to compensate.

THREE WOMEN

ERNST LUBITSCH has provided another cross section of life with *Three Women* — so dexterously told, and so capably acted by the three women—Pauline Frederick, Marie Prevost and May McAvoy, and the gay deceiver Lew Cody.

Lubitsch's hand has not lost its cunning, and his little touches combined with his deletions which are as important as what he puts in, combine to make a photoplay that is entertaining from every point of view.

Pauline Frederick distinguishes herself—a finely balanced performance, real and unaffected, her most effective screen rôle in recent years. The three women are caught in the net of the conscienceless man about town. He marries little May, and breaks her heart, he doesn't marry her mother, and hers breaks too, and he seeks his consolation with the hardened little Marie Prevost who is well versed in such entanglements. There is little story to the whole—it is a subtle study of a situation and it has been so well presented that few will witness it without being entertained.

VANITY'S PRICE

VANITY'S PRICE points a moral and adorns a tale only moderately. The moral of it is—don't lose your soul with the old face. Or, if you would have it put more simply, as the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland* would say, be careful when you have your face lifted that you don't lose the good old homely characteristics of goodness and propriety along with it.

That is what Vanna de Maurier did. Long accustomed to flattery and admiration, she couldn't bear to see the lines and the wrinkles marring her beautiful countenance. But the rejuvenation process threatened to wreck her conscience and almost lost her that nice author who hovers through the plot for five reels.

A fine cast headed by Anna Q. Nilsson is employed to interpret Paul Bern's story which is far-fetched and implausible. It however provides Miss Nilsson with an opportunity for a fine character study, and with all the crudities of the picture she is convincing and winning. She is worthy of better material though the rôle provides her with some telling moments. Stuart Holmes is present in all his villainy, Lucille Ricksen all grown up does well as the young girl, and Wyndam Standing is dignified as the author.

A delightful character bit is provided by Cissie Fitzgerald.

FEET OF CLAY

WITH *Feet of Clay,* Cecil B. De Mille has succeeded in making a picture which, if possible, is the worst of his bath-tub series. It boasts of the presence of Vera Reynolds, Rod La Rocque, Victor Marconi and Julia Faye who despite their efforts in pantomime, failed to relieve the picture of its cheapness and its worthlessness. There may be those who will find their pleasure in this sort of "stuff" and we are willing to turn our Broadway admissions over to them for the asking with good grace and good wishes upon request.

Peggy Kelly, who has been playing "bits" lately, cast for a leading rôle in "Greater Than Marriage" with Lou Tellegen

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LIFE'S GREATEST GAME

AMORY JOHNSON probably had a lot of fun producing *Life's Greatest Game* with Johnny Walker and an all-star cast. It is melodrama with baseball for its background. Emilie Johnson, mother of the producer, wrote the story and she has provided an opportunity for the wearing of costumes of a day gone by that are delightful. The action opens when pompadours, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, tight waists and elongated skirts were the fashion. The high spot of the picture shows a game between the Giants and the Chicago Cubs in all their rivalry and sportsmanship. It will undoubtedly prove popular with a certain type of audience, and is well directed and ably presented.

TARNISH

FRANCES MARION has accomplished an adroit and effective piece of work in her scenario of Gilbert Emery's *Tarnish,* and as is so rare in an adaptation for the screen, she has succeeded in capturing and retaining the flavor of the play in all its spirit and emotional force.

Scenes which have been elaborated, owing to the pictorial exigencies of the film, have been intelligently inserted, and there is none of the usual crass padding employed by many adapters for some obscure reasoning of their own.

The greater part of this photoplay is an exact reproduction of the play, and George Fitzmaurice, casting aside his usual bag of tricks and his highfalutin nonsense, has gone in for sensible, straight drama which with its conflict, its grim humor, and its able character studies is not only a highly entertaining motion picture, but a drama of genuine interest. It has character and the rare distinction of being compact and entirely coherent.

Theatregoers are familiar with the story—the struggle of a young girl with principles trying to earn enough competence to meet the grocer's bills with the handicap of impractical and selfish parents, and faced with the knowledge of her lover's wild oat. The motion picture is in every way as stirring as the play, and to borrow an old expression, First National has another "Goldwynner" on its hands.

The outstanding performance of the picture is given by Marie Prevost as a gold-digger, impudent, unscrupulous, and daring — Nettie Dark in the hands of Miss Prevost is colorful and vivacious. May McAvoy, who with the passing of the years, has lost something of her spiritual charm, gives, however, a sincere and competent performance. Ronald Coleman is particularly fine in his moments of stress, and Albert Gran re-enacts for the screen his striking characterization of the die-hard beau. Altogether it is a picture well worth seeing, and will undoubtedly stand out as one of the best of the season.

WELCOME STRANGER

AN amiable enough photoplay has been concocted by the Belasco productions from Aaron Hoffman's erstwhile play about Jewish invaders in a small town, and in its film form *Welcome Stranger,* which served as one of the initial productions of the new Broadway picture house, the Piccadilly, shows every indication of "making them laugh" the country over.

Florence Vidor, who has always struck us as more or less of a colorless young player, hampered by a lack of simplicity, plays the Christian girl, and Virginia Brown Faire the Jewish maiden, but the principal rôles are enacted by Dore Davidson as Isadore Solomon and William V. Mong as Clem. The screen has given ample opportunity to improve the mechanical efforts planned by the inventor, and James Young, the director, has availed himself of every opportunity. The picture gives the impression of being held together by subtitles and lacking any great dramatic material *per se,* a desperate effort has been made to put the action in the written word.

(*Below*)
West Point for the first time comes to the screen with Richard Barthelmess in a picture version of the drama. *Classmates*

A very subdued and sophisticated Pola Negri, no more the dashing *gamine*, appears under Ernst Lubitsch's direction in *Forbidden Paradise*

Mae Murray will dance the classic waltz of *The Merry Widow* in playing the title-rôle of the screened light opera

Leaving his usual drawing-rooms and her powdered wigs and taffetas, Conway Tearle and Alice Terry will co-star in the everlastingly popular drama, *The Great Divide*

THE SCREEN BORROWS FROM THE THEATRE

New Releases Present Film Favorites in Plays Already Popular on Broadway

M · U · S · I · C

Popular Priced Opera Opens the Music Season—The Chicago Company's Interesting Plans

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THOSE who are forever shouting for opera for the people must have been happy these early autumn months. No less than two popular priced opera companies were simultaneously appearing in New York theatres to excellent business and to tumultuous applause. Moreover, at least one of these companies was as a whole worthy both of its business and its applause while the other sang with enthusiasm and possessed two or three singers of passing merit. The two organizations were Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Grand Opera Company and Alfred Salmaggi's Manhattan Grand Opera Association.

Mr. Salmaggi had originally announced that the musical director of his organization would be no other than Pietro Mascagni. This gave a fillip to popular interest—and to the company's subscription list. But Signor Mascagni failed to materialize, and though the company did it failed to reveal any artists of surpassing merit. A new tenor, Giuseppe Radaelli, in the opening *Aïda,* displayed a voice of goodly volume, as did the chief baritone, Alfredo Gandolfi, whose Scarpia pleased a large audience later in the week. The company sang and acted very much as all provincial Italian opera companies have sung and acted for the last half century. There is little else to say except that Mr. Salmaggi had the honor of opening the New York musical season of 1924-25, having nosed out Mr. Gallo by just one week.

FORTUNE GALLO is to-day an established American institution, not only in New York but throughout the country. His company this year seems quite up to its usual standard and the audiences at the Jolson Theatre were limited only by the capacity of the house. The season opened with a vigorous performance of *Rigoletto,* with Mario Basiola in the title rôle, Josephine Lucchese as Gilda and Demetrio Onofrei as the Duke, with Fulgenzio Guerrieri conducting. Signor Basiola is always welcome. He might even be welcome at the Metropolitan. He possesses a fresh, even voice, and a really lovely mezza-voce. Unhappily he also at times forces his upper notes. He ought to take warning from the fate of a far greater than he. Pasquale Amato also forced his upper notes, and to-day he is in the real-estate business. Signor Basiola is too fine an artist to become a realtor!

Another of Mr. Gallo's finds is Bianca Soroya, whose performance in *La Forza del Destino* was admirable. Miss Soroya is a young woman whose beauty and warmth of temperament are combined with musical intelligence and a voice of no small power and charm. Miss Roselle, Miss Lucchese, Mr. Onofrei, Mr. De Biasi, and Miss De Mette are, of course, old San Carlo stand-bys, this year as much as ever. Of the newcomers special mention should be made of Miss Madeleine Collins, a niece of the Irish patriot. Miss Collins made a personable and sweet voiced Musetta, and proved she knows how to act. Theatrical managers should take notice. Miss Collins ought to prove a find in light opera. Less successful was the début of Clara Jacobo, whose big voice was marred by an annoying tremolo when she sang in *Gioconda.* Signor Guerrieri, conducting always without a baton and without a score, put enthusiasm and life into every work he directed.

VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN

The young French conductor whose "guest" appearances with the New York Symphony Orchestra were one of the sensations of the past season. Mr. Golschmann will appear again this year with the New York Symphony Orchestra in a series of six concerts in December

More interesting, however, than the doings on the stage were the doings in the audience. The San Carlo public goes to the opera not as a function or as a duty, but with the same enthusiasm with which an American crowd goes to baseball. Indeed opera *is* Italy's baseball. Four-fifths of the San Carlo public, at least in New York, is Italian, and it enjoys itself in truly Italian fashion. What if the scenery isn't by Urban or by Geddes, what if the chorus isn't always together, or that a singer or two strays from the pitch? To the American, grand opera is a luxurious, aristocratic art—in short the Metropolitan Opera House. To the Italian it is democratic to the last degree, and may have all the crude imperfections of democracy if it has democracy's saving quality of sincerity. To do your best and not to forget the high c's—that is what your Italian-American audience demands. Twenty years from now when the immigration law has done its work and once more the Nordic strain is predominant in our cities and all the Giuseppes have become Josephs, things will be different. Then it will be the Metropolitan or nothing. The cause of art may have then been furthered, but a lot of fun will have departed.

The Chicago Civic Opera Company announces three "novelties" for its season of eleven and one-half weeks. These "novelties" are Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles,* Auber's *Fra Diavolo,* and Hadley's *Bianca.* Exactly why the first two are classed as novelties might be difficult to explain, except that they have never been given by the Chicago Civic Opera, but *Bianca* may come under that head, as its only performances have been at the Park Theatre in New York at the time it won the William Wade Hinshaw prize for the best American one-act opera. Like the Metropolitan the Chicago company is to revive *Pelléas et Mélisande, La Gioconda,* and *The Tales of Hoffmann.* A significant fact is the announcement of the engagement of Signorina Toti Dal Monte, the Italian coloratura soprano who is also to appear at the Metropolitan. This evidently means that the New York and Chicago companies have come to a working agreement, and that the Chicago organization has definitely abandoned any intention to poach upon the Metropolitan's preserves by undertaking a New York engagement. That annual engagement in former years was a costly undertaking, and proved that there is in the metropolis room for only one seven-dollar opera company.

Other new singers with the Chicago company are Olga Forrai, an Hungarian soprano; Augusta Lenska, a contralto from South Africa; and Elvira Hidalgo, who fourteen years ago when a girl of nineteen, sang a few performances at the Metropolitan. There is also a new Spanish tenor, Antonio Cortis, while Charles Hackett, Alfred Piccaver, and Joseph Schwartz, who appeared last season as guest artists, are now regular members of the company. Feodor Chaliapin and Mme. Louise Homer will also appear in several performances. The chief conductors will be Giorgio Polacco, Pietro Cimini, and Roberto Moranzoni, the last of whom comes from the Metropolitan.

WHAT with the Metropolitan and Chicago companies, with Signor Merola's venture on the Pacific Coast, with the new Philadelphia Civic Opera Company under the direction of Alexander Smallens, and with the two divisions of the San Carlo Company touring through the country,

(*Continued on page* 54)

NANNY LARSEN-TODSEN
A blue-eyed daughter of the Vikings, who will impersonate the soprano heroines both of Wagner and of Verdi

MARTIN OEHMAN
Wagnerian tenors are difficult to find, but Gatti-Casazza has discovered one in this young Swede

RALPH ERROLLE
Young American tenor, whose art already has the makings of an Alfredo

© Mishkin

© Mishkin
JOAN RUTH
A youthful light soprano, who hopes soon to be as famous as her distinguished namesake.

© Mishkin
MARY BONETTI
The fire of Italy runs in the veins of this young American-born contralto

NEWCOMERS AT THE METROPOLITAN

Director Signor Gatti-Casazza Presents This Page of Débutantes

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

The Legitimate Descends—A Novel Band-Act—Madame Tucker Returns

By BLAND JOHANESON

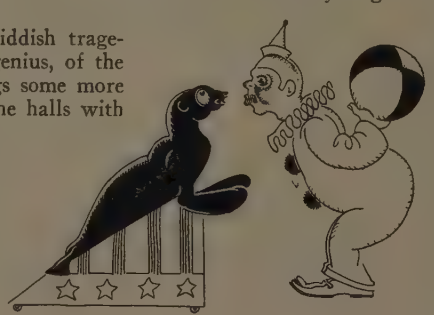
Sketches by Maurice Mazeville

MR. SHAW as a vaudeville comic is no Frank Tinney. Bob Hall, the impossible extemporaneous rhymster, is almost as wildly entertaining, and just about as subtle as the coy satire *How He Lied to Her Husband,* in which Miss Justine Johnstone, professional beauty, and Mr. Arnold Daly, professional actor, met to assail the risibilities of the low-down element whose lust for bladder-whacking and Dixie doxologies stapilizes native hymns and humor.

The opus, wearing the G. B. S. monogram, was hailed, of course, as "too deep for vaudeville" by the experts. But vaudeville, thoroughly attuned to the "what it takes to get 'em I got" school of badinage, seemed on the Palace opening afternoon to grapple manfully with the amorous situation precipitated by a usual Shaw imbecile wife, imbecile business-husband and imbecile poet. The ponderous profundity and baffling subtlety of the piece was conceded to lie, I suppose, in the twist of the jealous husband's pique when the poet denied the dedication of his amorous sonnets *To Aurora* with the ungallant explanation that they had been written to quite a different lady because Madame did not appeal to him "in that way." This much was Shaw. But twenty-five minutes of preliminary long-winded love dialogue between the hardly seductive Mr. Daly and dispassionate Miss Johnstone inspired the wish that it had been Sammy Lee, and that they would snap into the dance.

Miss Johnstone was customarily beautiful and aloofly engaging. And as it was her return to Broadway after seasons in London, she monopolized most of the attention. Mr. Daly, being one of our few actors who is not unintentionally ridiculous, is unhappy in a ridiculous rôle.

BEN AMI, the Yiddish tragedian and a pet genius, of the Theatre Guild, brings some more pleasant "art" into the halls with a concentrated version of his former great dramatic success *Samson and Delilah.* The story, you remember, is not the *passée* shingling episode, but an agonizing exhibition of wifely infidelity, villainous acting, and thwarted genius—the last of which the eminent Ben Ami as the author of a drama *Samson and Delilah,* suggests very prettily if not necessarily convincingly, with rolling eyeballs, mutterings, untidiness, passion, generally transcendent goofiness, and a total absence of humor.



A brilliant playwright suspects that his adored wife and the leading lady of his company is conducting a rather torrid *amour* with her leading man who is a very bad actor. We find them at the dress rehearsal of his masterpiece, a poetic drama of the familiar Biblical example of woman's perfidy. The personable Miss Ernita Lascalles, as Delilah, arrives looking as though she had been trying to fill inside straights in a strip poker game—allure symbolized by gold gauze panties with no umbilical responsibilities. The exhibit of so much seductive Delilah arouses a lot of ardor and soul in the playwright and a lot of complacency and muffed lines in the actor. And then when Delilah rehearses her love speeches and the playwright realizes that she never had been such a good actress before, he lunges at Samson's throat, somebody picks them apart, and he staggers off the stage with dire and pathetic hints of suicide.

It seemed that Delilah's was the tragedy. Life had given her a bad break in men. Either the author or the actor would have been unendurable.

INCOMPARABLE Madame Tucker, the Wagnerianly proportioned red-hot mamma of the halls, has returned with the proper emotional tremble of the chin from a fortnight in the more æsthetic and anæsthetic regions of a Broadway revue. She has returned magnificently, like a big-hearted goddess, with no hard feelings and a grand gesture for prodigies. Madame Tucker is going to show M'sieu' Carrol what entertainment is all about. No pyramids of insinuating half-fare showgirls. But a good hearty wham of the *mamma* idea, some jokes both native and *glitziana,* a dash of drama, a hot and high-brown jazz-band, two pianists, nad two marvelous child prodigies—a gifted and terrified young violinist, and a not in the least terrified young darling of a supper-club, one of the late vintage refreshments from the Broadway vine, who possesses an interesting voice and a decided touch of Tucker, which the Madame is exploiting. "This little girl is going to be another Sophie Tucker," she says with great feeling, and the heiress to the unique genius snaps into *Hard-hearted Hannah* with a neat and assured little wiggle at the finish. The entertainment is concluded with a Moral Lesson—*Just a Girl that Men Forget.* Nobody can do this terrible ballad with quite the feeling and effect of Madame. Her picture of the easy lady waiting outside in an Hispano-Suiza while the organ plays the wedding-march and some good-girl cops off the bungalow aprons is one of the most moving of the lyric etchings she accomplishes. And Madame Tucker is not coy in citing herself as an example of the ultimate success of hard-work-and-matrimony. Her lack of dignity is one of the factors in the wonder of her. And she is a wonderful and compelling diseuse.

BALLARD MACDONALD had a good idea for a revue sketch when he created *The Test,* a drama in two words, but having given birth to the novel notion, the author ran out of ingenuity, left his burlesque-drama hanging in the air for a moment, and then utilized it as merely a pretty silly prologue for another jazz-band act. The drama has to do with a shooting fracas in the flat of *a man about town,* and only two words, "yes" and "no," are employed in the dialogue. Nothing ever explains the high fever, insanity and crime, except that all the characters turn out to be jazz musicians. The band is not unusual. But the individual men are rather clever entertainers. And sensational eccentric dancers, Glen and Richards, head the troupe.

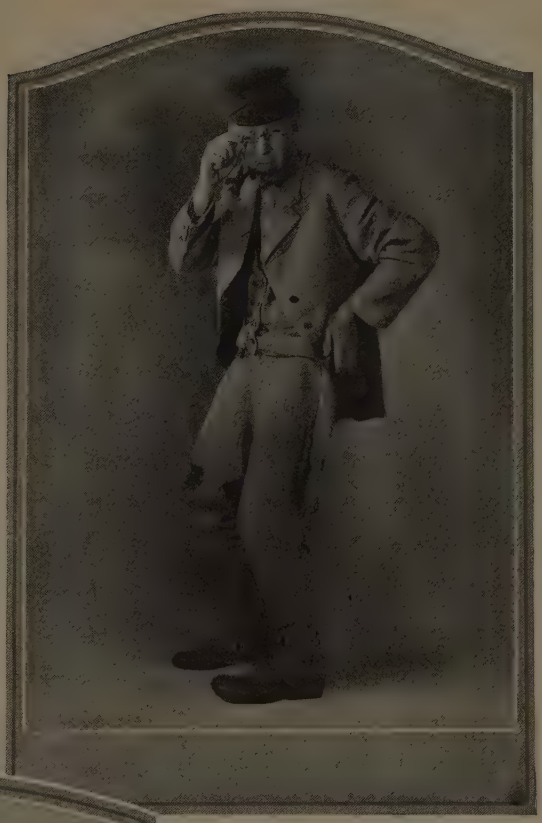
If you are wearied of the potted palms, interior-of-the-sheik's-pink-plush-tent effects surrounding your usual dance music, here, at least, is an attempt to break the spell.

RAY MILLER'S Arcadia Orchestra has made its vaudeville début, with the maestro's ingratiating Alice-Brady grin and music so hot it would take a scientist to describe it. Here is rhythm designed for dancing—or the more polite forms of grappling which pass for it—and if you can sit still when you hear it you are ripe for the alienists. Not the *sweet-and-low* school for these boys, but an overheated syncopated noise, which compels the very garments upon the back of its progenitor to out-Gilda Madame Boag.

© De Haven

Hark, Hark, Hark! in the gloriously uncontrolled voice of this gentleman, "the name being Williams, Herbert Williams," has been one of the keenest delights of the halls for many seasons. His partner, Hilda Woolfus, is a comedian hardly less gifted

After an absence of several seasons in revue productions, the extremely witty and amusing Frank Fay returns to the two-a-day with some sly and sophisticated comedy



Chic Sale, one of our finest character comedians, has been making venturesome dickerings with the legitimate, but his rural Sunday-School benefit for the new and noisy radiator continues to be a high spot of vaudeville

© Lumiere

"Poor Ole Eddie Leonard" shares with Pat Rooney and Frisco the title of "most imitated dancer in the world"

This is Frisco, with the cigar and bowler which belong to the public character of the pioneer jazz-dancer

THE SPICE OF VARIETY

Five of the Brightest Headlining Talents of the Two-a-day

Muray

RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT

Father of the matinée idol, Joseph, who will play the leading rôle in *The Mongrel*, new play by Bahr

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

This gifted and gracious actress was seen recently in the short-lived romantic drama, *The Red Falcon*

LEO CARILLO

popular Broadway actor, seen recently in *The Saint* at the Greenwich Village Theatre

BLANCHE RING

No! No! Nanette, is the arresting title of a new musical show which will bring this cherished comédienne back to Broadway

Muray

DORIS KEANE

The brilliant and bewitching star returns to Broadway in *Starlight*, by Gladys Unger

MRS. COBURN

Seen again this season in the title-rôle of that hilariously amusing English comedy, *The Farmer's Wife*

HELEN MACKELLAR

Recognized as one of our finest dramatic actresses, the versatile star of *The Storm* will be seen this season in *Maggie*

HILDA VAUGHN

—the Western Sadie Thompson! This young emotional actress plays Jeanne Eagels' rôle in the out-of-town company of *Rain*

PROMINENT PERSONALITIES IN IMPORTANT PRODUCTIONS

A Stellar Octette Who Are on the Lips and in the Lights of Broadway

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait

THE FROHMAN CORPORATION has no definite plans for OTIS SKINNER next season. That actor is now on a coast-to-coast tour in *Sancho Panza.* His next play, it is understood, will have him cast as a sea captain, though its producers are unknown. THE FROHMANS loaned him to RUSSELL JANNEY for the *Sancho Panza* play.

A new system of dramatic criticism, introduced to New York by the *Evening Graphic,* has each new show reviewed by a layman. The success of this system is in doubt, for *Variety's* first critical box score of the season gives the *Graphic* the lowest score of all the papers.

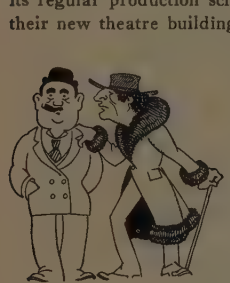
Stage-hands threw the local secretary of the Hungarian Actors' Union from back-stage at the Manhattan Opera House during SARI FEDAK'S (Mrs. Molnar) recent performance there. It was a peculiar happening, insomuch as the unions are supposed to be united.

On the billing of *The Swan,* MOLNAR'S first name is called Ferenc. The Theatre Guild, in its billing of *The Guardsman,* calls him Franz. Somebody should agree on his front handle and stick to it.

For BROCK PEMBERTON'S recent production of *The Little Angel,* by ERNST VAJDA, the brother of the playwright was company manager. He is JOHN S. VAJDA and also made the translation in addition to securing financial backing for that play and the PEMBERTON production of *The Mask and the Face.* It is said that the PEMBERTON backers did not want to put all their financial eggs in one basket, hence the production of the latter play. Both were failures.

One of the newly appointed dramatic critics to a big New York daily has aroused the wrath of many producers by his erudite criticisms. They claim that his prose is so far above the understanding of the average reader that whatever he writes means little or nothing. On the other hand, they have apparently united in an effort to ignore another reviewer who raves about every show he sees in an effort to get himself quoted in the advertisements. He is new to the game and seeks publicity.

One of the Theatre Guild's productions this year will be RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT in *The Merchant of Venice,* according to a well-founded rumor. The Guild, incidentally, regards this year as the most critical in its entire existence of seven years, as the effort to keep on with its regular production schedule and at the same time successfully finance their new theatre building, is taxing everyone connected with the organization. The first show of the season, *The Guardsman,* is rated as a rousing hit.



PHILIP GOODMAN, whose successes, *Poppy* and *The Old Soak,* both astonished the show business because they were put on by a newcomer, retired from the producing game a few weeks ago when the costly *Dear Sir* closed after two weeks at the Times Square Theatre, representing a loss of $150,000. *Poppy* closed on the road the same week, a failure outside of New York City.

The forthcoming *Music Box Revue* will be the last attempted by SAM H. HARRIS and IRVING BERLIN, so the report goes. These costly productions did not return the profit expected and were disappointments on the road. The theatre built to house these shows can make as much money by housing other productions and sharing on the receipts. None of the reviews this year, except the *Follies* and the *Scandals,* are said to be doing as well as their sponsors expected. The current *Passing Show,* at the Winter Garden, has been short of capacity by $10,000 weekly since its opening, but at that it has been making a profit.

EARL CARROLL'S production of *The Rat,* starring TEDDIE GERARD, will be financed by the star, who recently scoured the Broadway producers in an effort to have one of them present her in a piece for which she would foot the bills. BENRIMO, who staged the *Yellow Jacket,* will direct *The Rat.* The piece has had great success in London.

FRANZ LEHAR'S musicalized version of NED SHELDON'S famous play, *Romance,* will be a next-season production. Concerning LEHAR, it is said that HENRY W. SAVAGE has several scores by him, as yet unproduced. Another of the Viennese composer's works, *Clo-Clo,* is due in January under the WILMER & VINCENT auspices.

MRS. FISKE'S tour in *The Rivals* will be played as a concert attraction, with the big halls and auditoriums being used. In many of the big cities only one night will be played, but much territory will be covered. CLAYTON HAMILTON, no less, will be the advance praise agent for the show.

RAQUEL MELLER'S American début is as uncertain as ever. Despite various announcements from ZIEGFELD, nothing definite has been decided about her New York appearance.

BEN HECHT, noted writer of Chicago, is now in New York doing the press-agent duties for the new firm of SCHWAB, LIVERIGHT & MANDEL, whose first production was JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT in *The Firebrand.*

That JOHN BARRYMORE will impersonate Edgar Allan Poe in a drama this season is improbable, according to the wise ones. The ones supposed to know say that the idea is talk—nothing more. The other side to the story is that MRS. BARRYMORE (Michael Strange) wrote the play and in her position might have more influence on the star than any other playwright.

DAVID WARFIELD will tour again this year. That is definite, but BELASCO has announced no vehicle nor has he hinted at a revival.

Annie Dear, the newest of the ZIEGFELD shows, was first called plain *Annie,* but upon the suggestion of ROBERT GARLAND, dramatic critic for the *Baltimore American,* the title was changed to the appellation now in use. GARLAND is one of the few critics on the Hearst papers who has free rein to say what he pleases and in his home town is quite the firebrand of the local drama.

One of the champ tough-luck breaks of the year goes to MARIE SAXON, recently ingénue of the *Passing Show* and then with *School Belles,* the musicalized version of *The Charm School.* When JUNE WALKER withdrew from the cast on tour, MISS SAXON was slated to take her place. Such a promotion would have meant her first big part, although she appeared in *Battling Butler* in an important rôle. But just as she was handed notice of her promotion, orders came from the Shubert office in New York to close the show on tour and revamp it. Now its fate is in doubt.

Cyrano will be revived again in New York this season by WALTER HAMPDEN for a brief period when he returns here to carry on his repertoire season at the National Theatre. *Othello* will be another important presentation by the classic star.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Three High-School Productions

In each of these scenes different methods of treatment have been employed. In *The Medicine Show* (top) there was a combination of drapes, cut-outs and border, while for *The Imaginary Invalid* (bottom) figured drapes created a satisfactory stage picture. Both of these plays were produced at the Hinsdale Township High School, Illinois. The effective setting (center) was executed by the students of Central High School, St. Paul, for Lady Gregory's *The Dragon*

Scene from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced at Horace Mann School, New York

Play Production In High Schools

Where Stages Are Practical and Equipment Adequate

By CLARENCE STRATTON,
Author of "Producing in Little Theatres"

IT has already been stated in this series of articles that the chief deterrent to the adequate production of notable plays is lack of equipment. The chief element in that lack of equipment is lack of space. An unusual confirmation of this fact arrived a few weeks ago in part of a letter from a recently built school in one of the newer sections of a Western State, where one would expect that everything needed in a school auditorium would be provided.

"We have a wonderful stage," one paragraph begins enthusiastically; "it is large and well lighted." What more could a director of school plays ask? Wonderful, large, well lighted—could any stage be more than those three things? But the paragraph continues, "However, the room back stage is limited, thereby making it inadvisable and almost impossible to give a play with more than three different scenes and preferably two."

There, at once, the lack of space backstage in that school prevents the production of many masterpieces of drama which the lighting equipment invites.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ADEQUATE EQUIPMENT?

IN addition to enough space, what should a director have as adequate equipment? The catalogs of the theatrical supply houses will serve as check lists, but most sponsors of dramatics will be wise if they choose sparingly among all the devices offered, preferring to buy as needs arise. How many of the following appliances do you need in your school for play presentations?

This is the third of a series of constructive and informative articles concerning Play Production in High Schools, which will be published monthly in THEATRE MAGAZINE

Arc lamp, asbestos drops, automatic color wheels, automatic sprinklers, baskets, batteries, booths, border lights, bunch lights, calcium lights, convas, carbons, carpets, conduit boxes, connectors, asbestos curtains, painted curtains, textile curtains, dimmers, draperies, dynamo brushes, electric effects, fire-boxes, electric fire-logs, flags, flower-baskets, artificial flowers, footlights, electric fountains, electric grates, hardware, hot-air register, spotlight lens, lighting systems, lighting effects, stage lumber, makeup lights, makeup mirrors, motors, motor brushes, musical bells, nitrogen lamps, noise effects, reflectors, rheostats, rigging devices, scenery, sciopticons, signal bells, spotlights, strip lights, switchboards, transformers, ventilators.

EQUIPMENT THAT OTHER SCHOOLS HAVE FOUND ESSENTIAL

A COMPILATION of what may be provided or collected for school use may be made from the following list, which is extracted in part from a questionnaire sent to hundreds of dramatic coaches in high schools:

Curtain set to enclose stage, cyclorama, interior set, exterior set, garden set, backdrop, plaster dome, rolling front curtain, draped curtain, large unit lighting system, small border lighting system, dimmers, different colors—red, blue, amber—on separate circuits, white electric lights only, bunch lights, flood lights, spot lights, baby spot lights, sockets, plugs, footlights, adequate switchboard, control of house lights from stage, platforms in units, pylons, steps, property-room, costume-room.

THE WELL-EQUIPPED STAGE DEMANDS WORTH-WHILE PLAYS

EQUIPMENT alone will not result in a rise of the level of dramatic production. The best equipment available may be squandered in offerings no better than *The Old District Skule at Hopkins Holler* or *The Campus Crowd*. There should be a determination on the part of the director to present only worth-while drama. Perhaps the highest form of plays cannot be

offered at once. The training of the audience is as important in dramatics as the training of the actors. Many plays, excellent in themselves, are emotionally or temperamentally unsuited to certain audiences at certain times. Every good director should recognize this. The professional manager has no obligation of progressive education to his public; the high school director has, by the nature of his appointment, a definite obligation of progressive education. The successful educator knows how to step himself that he may lead others. One director has just written to me, "The play chosen by our dramatic club for this year's senior play is not exactly the type I should like to see them give, but I shall have to work up enthusiasm in plays of that type before I can give better ones." As a matter of fact, he has no cause to apologize for the current choice. But his upward striving is indicative of the proper spirit.

DIRECTORS MUST HAVE THE COURAGE OF THEIR CONVICTIONS

A DIRECTOR must have courage, almost a reckless daring. He must brush aside the dictum that "all the plays in this school have been very much of this kind and always well received by our audiences." He must not be deterred by the comment that "We have never attempted any very pretentious play." He must not be curbed by the statement that "all our plays have been furnished by one entertainment bureau." He must deliberately prepare to startle the school audience—startle and amaze by something supremely good and novel. Commendable but ordinary one-acts have entertained but never galvanized the town's people; let him open their eyes to beauty, tragedy and irony by enlisting their sympathies and wringing their heart strings by Drinkwater's poetic but powerful delineation of the futility of warfare in "X-O." This unusual short play is quite within the capabilities of high school pupils; I have an enthusiastic report of its production by a high school in Minnesota.

ONE-ACT PLAYS OF VARIED THEMES FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

THERE is virtually no end to the series of one-acts similar in novelty of material, unusualness of treatment and certainty of effect. Selections for bills might be made from the following, and this list by no means exhausts all the possibilities: *Across the Border,* by Dix; *Beauty and the Jacobin,* Tarkington; *Birthday of the Infanta,* Walker; *The Blind,* Maeterlinck; *Carrier Pigeon,* Philpotts; *Cathleen ni Hoolihan,* Yeats; *Daimio's Head,* Stevens; *Everybody's Husband,* Cannaan; *Glittering Gate,* Dunsany. In fact, virtually all the plays of Lord Dunsany repay presentation. To do most of them, a high degree of mechanical and artistic skill is necessary, as elements of beauty and mystery vanish at the first hint of bungling manipulation. *Granny Maumee,* Torrence; *Helena's Husband,* Moeller; *Holbein at Blackfriars,* Stevens; *Hour Glass,* Yeats; *Ile,* O'Neill; *Little Stone House,* Calderon; *Maid of France,* Brighouse; *Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,* France; *My Lady Dreams,* Pillot; *Old Lady Shows Her Medals,* Barrie; *On the Shelf,* Morley; *Pawns,* Wilde; *Pierrot of the Minute,* Dowson; *Polly of Pogue's Run,* Bates; *Rider of Dreams,* Torrence; *Roadhouse in Arden,* Moeller; *Three Pills in a Bottle,* Field.

FULL-LENGTH PLAYS WITHIN THE RANGE OF HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION

WITH adequate stage space, scenery, lighting, equipment, a director may choose from the realistic modern or the remotely picturesque. Audiences which need educating — and casts which need training—may be helped by the ordinary mystery play, such as *The Thirteenth Chair.* Such a recommendation is going to arouse a silent query, "Is this, since it was a popular success in the professional theatre, within the capabilities of youthful performers?" Here is the testimony of one high school coach: "*The Thirteenth Chair* was especially successful, our audience liking the mystery type of play." As a matter of fact, the members of a graduating class are not always so young as we are likely to believe. Many are eligible by age to vote before they are graduated. Besides this, every class includes a few members who can assume the dignity or appearance of more mature adults.

Not all the plays of Mr. Galsworthy are in theme suitable for high schools, but his discussion of the capital-and-labor problem, *Strife,* has often been acted. Still not too far away from pupil ability, but offering the appeal of the play for mature spectators is *Mr. Pim Passes By.* Critics may assert dogmatically that Mr. Milne cannot invent situations or complicate a plot, that he merely strings together gentlemanly, clever dialog; but the fact remains that these concoctions of his do interest audiences in the theatre. The seeming audacity of selecting such a drama as *Mr. Pim* has been justified in every instance. More robust in material, though providing extravagant elements which add to the sureness of effect are at least two plays by Mr. Shaw, *Arms and the Man* and *Pygmalion.* A slight softening of some of the vocabulary will not weaken these, and it may save the sensibilities of some of the hearers. On the professional stage, swear words are laugh producers; on the amateur stage, interjections and circumlocutions properly delivered secure the same effect.

BARRIE AND TARKINGTON PLAYS REQUIRE ADEQUATE SETTINGS

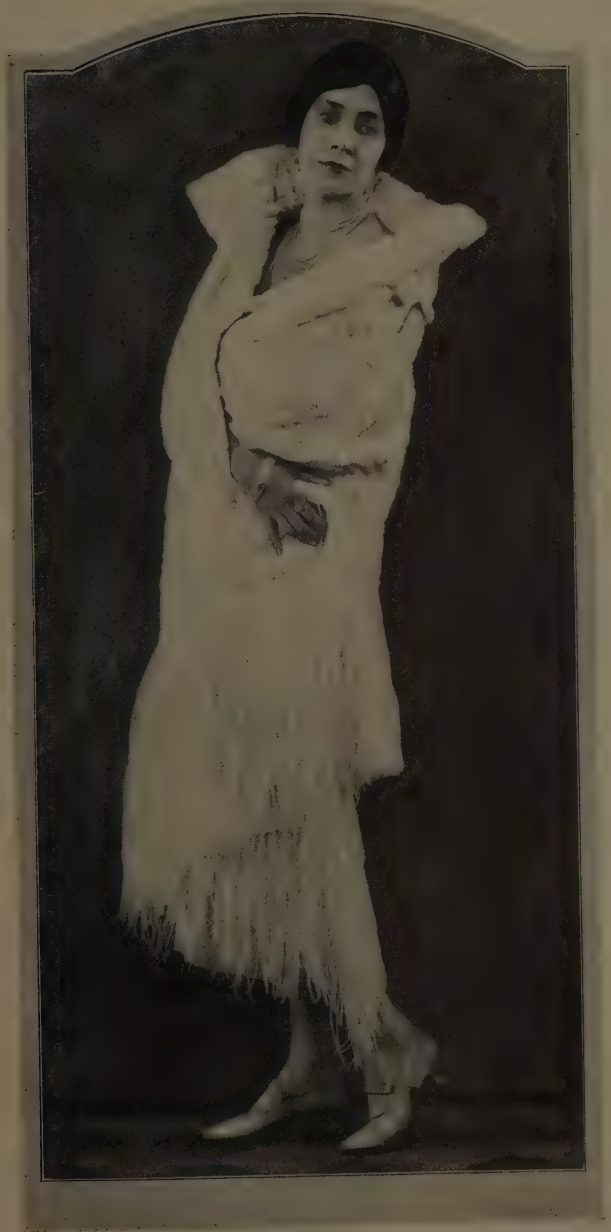
MOST of the plays of Sir James M. Barrie require more mechanical paraphernalia than the usual high-school stage can muster. They always, however, justify the trouble, money and ingenuity expended upon them. Seemingly the easiest to stage is *The Admirable Crichton.* The ease is merely apparent, for the hut on the distant island must be as perfect mechanically as the dramatist describes it. This playwright knows thoroughly the possibilities of the modern stage and writes his

(*Continued on page* 74)

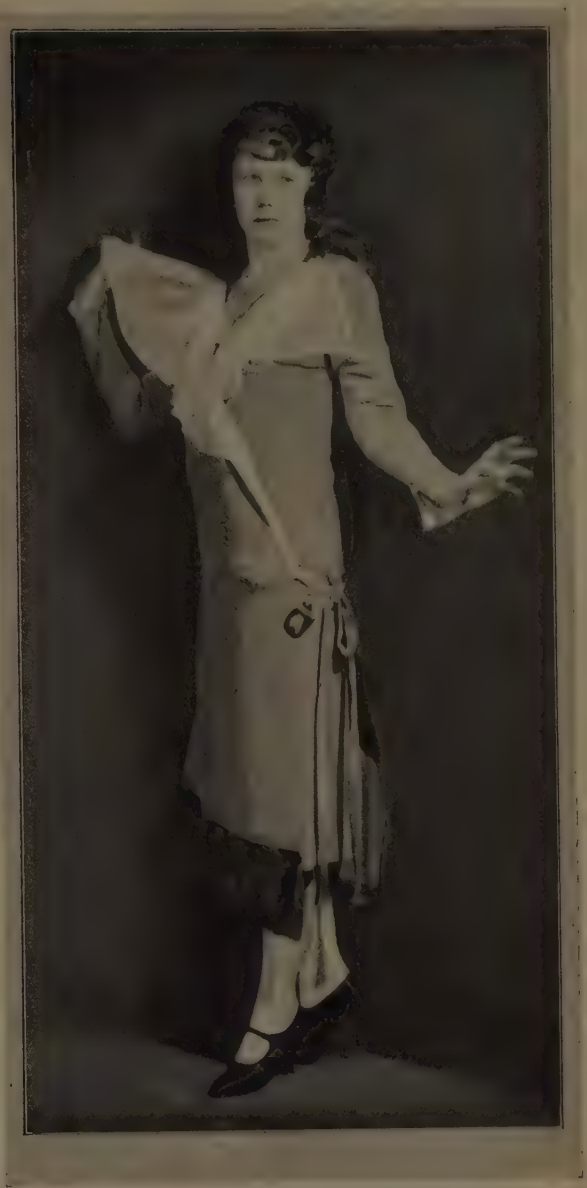
Owen Davis' *Icebound,* which is growing in popularity with school and college groups, was given this interesting setting at Leland Stanford University, California. The set was designed by Leslie Kiler, of Gordon Davis' class in Theatre Workshop, and executed by the class members

GLIMPSES OF FASHION'S TREND AS INTERPRETED BY SMART FOLK OF THE STAGE

FURS AND FEATHERS A FEATURE OF THE SEASON'S STYLES



A luxurious creation in ivory-toned ermine is this evening wrap, posed by Edith Meiser of *The Guardsman*, a Theatre Guild production. Of particular note is its double ermine collar flaring in smart silhouette about the head. Soft, rich folds of a gathered cape envelope the figure, and floating from its ermine border just below the knee is an eighteen-inch fringe of white ostrich feather, each strand knotted with a tiny crystal bead. From A. Jaeckel & Co.



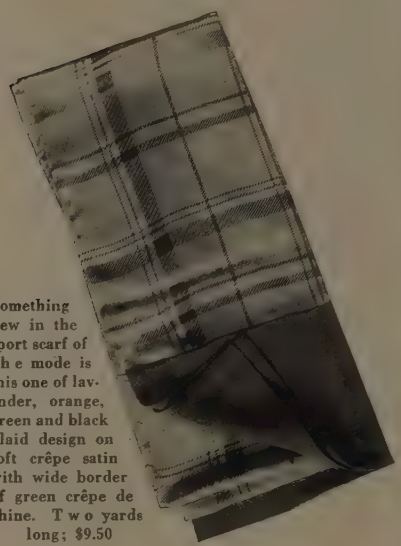
A finely pleated cream-color chiffon jabot is the key-note of this charming Vionnet frock of dull gold heavy silk faille, tied at the side with narrow bands of the material. A soft sable fur collar and border on the semi wrap-around skirt adds a final touch of real smartness. Worn by Cora Witherspoon, now playing the part of a fashionable woman in *Grounds for Divorce*. Gown from Russek's

Mary Young, distinguished star of *Dancing Mothers*, a Selwyn production, wears this extremely smart example of the prevailing beret, a creation of Henri Bendel, Inc., in the popular shade of bluet, draped with a satin ribbon to match

A Few Gift Suggestions for Her

IN the center display are pictured a few appropriate articles of unusual selection in the favorite greens of the season for Christmas gifts . . for the friend who must have something *different*. For instance, the single ostrich-feather fan in shaded green tones boasts a holder and bracelet handle of composition to match; $11.00. For the theatre accessories, there is this interesting jade green vanity case imported from France, decorated with a circle of tiny brilliants. Its green silk cord and tassel handle adds the final touch of *chic:* $15.00. Then the black-and-gold brocade spectacle case, lined with soft white kid, to slip into one's flat purse; $3.50. For the entr'act smoke there is the dainty jade green cigarette holder, with rhinestone circle, to match the vanity case; $3.00. It can also be had in light amber and black, same price. The cigarette case pictured below in the display is of an old rose glazed morocco leather for variety, with *fleur de lis* gold stamping. Holds twenty cigarettes and comes in royal purple and blue; $6.50. The pale green chiffon evening scarf, two yards long, with eight-inch fringe of deep green, is something very new; $10.50, and is much enhanced by the long pearl necklace of "rainbow" color pearls in pastel shades of pink, blue, maize and green; $15.00.

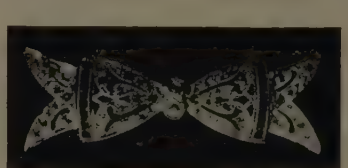
This porcelain boudoir lamp and perfume burner, imported from France, with design in yellow, outlined with fine black line on an apricot color base. Stands only 10 inches high; $16.00



Something new in the sport scarf of the mode is this one of lavender, orange, green and black plaid design on soft crêpe satin with wide border of green crêpe de chine. Two yards long; $9.50

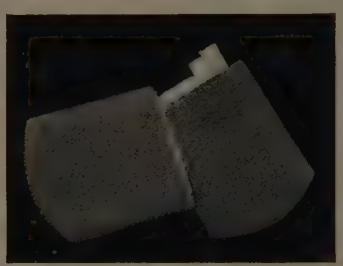
(*Right*) Another striking design for the dainty little finger-ring is this one of reproduction black pearl and sterling silver; $15.00

This delicate pink shell-rose boudoir lamp and perfume burner is still a favorite addition to the well-appointed toilet-table and comes in pale yellow and lavender as well; $2.95



Rhinestones and sapphires set in sterling silver make this bow-knot brooch an exceedingly smart accessory for daytime or evening wear; $12.00

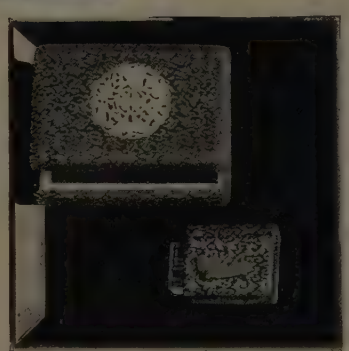
What more complete gift than this black morocco leather traveling case, neatly fitted with toilette requisites, from a prominent beauty specialist. Measuring 8 x 7½ inches, 5 inches wide; $40.00



Ladies' *petit poids* green suède leather cigarette case, with metal clips edging outside case; imported from France. This dainty case, 3 x 4 inches, holds six cigarettes and costs $4.50

(*Below*) Effective sea-shell design is a feature of this sterling silver and white pearl ring, which has a very rich luster. An altogether desirable gift; $10.00

(*Left*) An attractive choker necklace of Venetian beads, with rich covering of gold and encrusted scroll design; very different; price $5.50



A beautiful cigarette box and match-case of lacquer red and gold brocade, with real jade motif in center. The cigarette box, 5½ inches long, 3½ wide and 2¼ inches deep, $18.00. Match box, $5.00. The black lacquer tray, 9½ inches square, on which the set rests, costs $8.00

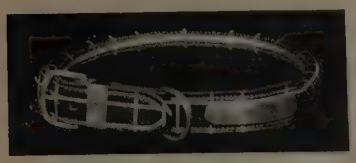
A Christmas Thought for Him

TO shop for "him" is usually a difficult thing to do. Just what he wants, does not want, needs or needs not . . is a question not so easily answered. And if you would know of a few out-of-the-ordinary things which will surely please him, you will find them on this page. In the center group, the inevitable "muffler" question is quickly solved with this all-white, heavy silk knit one of beautiful texture, $11.00. Then for a more sport-wear type of this same muffler question, at the upper right in this group is one imported from England of Scotch flannel, in light grey, with medium blue-striped design; $5.00.

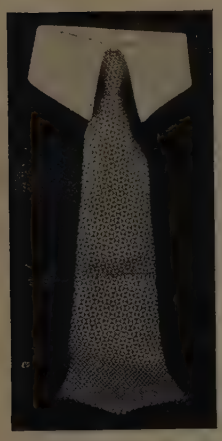
One splendid idea is the black pin-seal cigarette package holder, into which any popular brand of domestic cigarette package will fit. A small leather tab, when pulled downward, releases the package inside and loosens the cigarettes; $2.75.

Another *nécessaire* for the traveling man are these black or red soft morocco leather *wagon-lit slippers,* with silk-lined pouch to match. In red and navy blue; $5.50. The small cigarette box at the top of this group is imported from Italy, of inlaid native olive wood, with polished finish; $5.00.

A new idea for the radio enthusiast, the *Reflectone,* a tone volume minimizer of mother-of-pearl composition in beautiful shades of grey, king's blue, cerise and green, for the arm-chair listener; $8.00

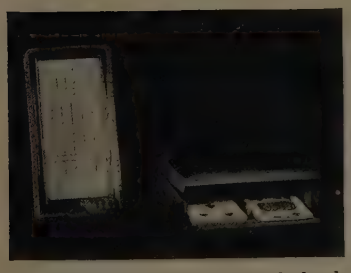


An imported leather dog-collar, with Tartan plaid design and plated name-plate for the faithful Airedale; $3.85

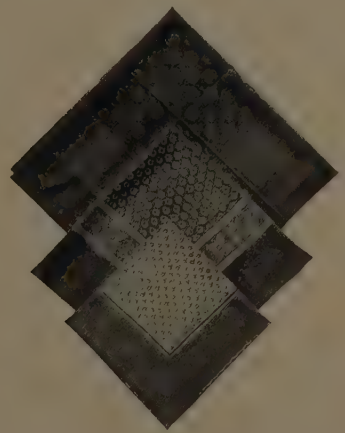


An extremely smart black-and-white four-in-hand tie of imported Spitafield silk, worn by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; $4.50

(Below)
A very smart addition to the well-appointed toilet set on this page. Whisk broom of black or tan-grained hide; $5.50

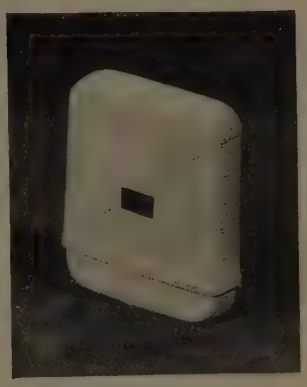


From France comes this exquisitely hand-tooled brown leather bridge set, with design in gold. Folding bridge box with compartment for cards; $12.00. Pad to match; $5.00

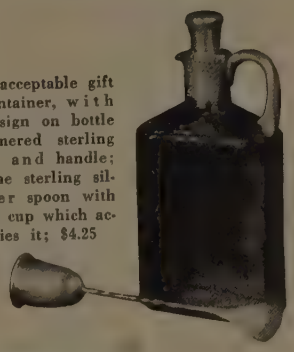


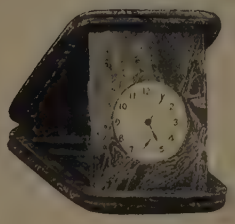
Three very smart handkerchiefs, with interesting dotted design printed in various colors on brown, dark-green and blue silk, recently selected by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales while in New York; $4.50 each

A beautiful and conservative cigarette case, vest-pocket size, of closely woven Panama, 2½ x 3½ inches in size, with solid gold initial plate. Holds ten cigarettes; $6.00

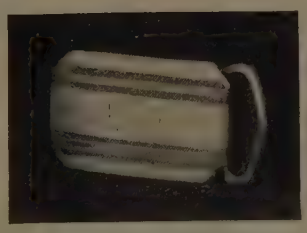


A most acceptable gift is this container, with etched design on bottle and hammered sterling silver top and handle; $7.50. The sterling silver jigger spoon with measuring cup which accompanies it; $4.25





A new midget-sized traveling clock for the week-end bag of Japanese leather. Its embossed bird design in green on a dark-brown background is very new; $9.00



For the well-dressed man, this sterling silver white-and-gold plate, striped, tongueless belt buckle for a one-inch belt, is very smart; $5.50

A complete toilet case for the week-end bag of black or tan-grained hide, with essential fittings of black celluloid and ebony. An extra loop for safety razor; $11.50

TWO DELIGHTFUL TEA GOWNS— WORN BY STAGE CELEBRITIES

MOODS EXPRESSED IN THE APPROPRIATE HAT

(*Above*) An exquisite example of Moyen Age inspiration is portrayed in this fuchsia-color tea gown of crêpe meteor, with hand-blocked design in contrasting colors, posed by Miss Lynn Fontanne, the winsome wife of a thousand caprices in *The Guardsman,* produced in New York by the Theatre Guild. The camera has caught the dignity of an ancient age in the statuesque folds of this gown from Bonwit Teller. An antique gold bracelet and chain, worn by Miss Fontanne with the tea gown, also from Bonwit Teller

A fetching whim from Paris, with all the abandon of capricious design and originality in this cerise-color French chapeau of the softest quality felt. A dashing ostrich plume reaches high at the side, with mottled green-and-blue design, repeated in the muff of cerise ostrich to match. This *directoire ensemble* is charmingly portrayed by Molly Johnson of the play *Havoc.* The choker necklace of Venetian beads which she wears will be found on page 44, Gift Suggestions. The imported hat-and-muff creation from Franklin Simon & Co.

(*Above*) These mules, worn by Miss Fontanne in the picture above, match the tea gown and are of an all-over woven silver metal cloth, with small fringed buckle of the same material. Quite the very daintiest thing seen in the new version of a combined bedroom and boudoir slipper. From Bonwit Teller

The trotteur hat is still the smart thing for street wear, as Miss Molly Johnson, who played in *Havoc,* so demurely shows us in this youthful model of deep nut-brown felt, hat band and pleated cockade at the side of two-tone brown-and-tan gros-grain ribbon. Nestled at the side is a spray of pheasant breast feathers. Hat from Knox

Miss Ina Claire, the witty heroine of one of New York's most talked-of plays, *Grounds for Divorce,* in a beautiful tea gown especially designed for Miss Claire in the play, by Chanel. A rich over-drape of gold lace cleverly reveals an under slip of many layers of chiffon in peach, maize and pink. A soft cape effect, edged with mink, is of palest chiffon, clinging in graceful outline to its longest length at the heel. Miss Claire's jewels, worn with the gown, are large pearls, with sapphires, alternating in the double necklace and bracelet, the newest combination for evening wear

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

LAUGHS WHILE YOU WAIT

(*Continued from page* 24)

regular fellow. It sums up everything. He's square, straight, would go the limit for a friend. No, 'an absolute topper' doesn't signify anything at all except, perhaps, a silk hat."

Mr. Wimperis: "Well, after all, what I want to convey is that your friend wasn't a bad bloke at all. Now that's expressive, isn't it? It comes from the costermonger. English leisure classes are frightfully slangy."

The conversation swerved from slang to sartorial effects in men's apparel. Errol mocked the short black coat and striped trousers worn in London. "Looks absolutely ridic to me," said Errol.

"Quite so, quite so," assented Mr. Wimperis. "But not to an Englishman. It's quite good form, you know. Now you Americans wear a bowler—I mean a derby hat—and a morning coat. It's absolutely not done in England. If you wear a morning coat, you must wear a topper. And if you want to be most awfully smart, you wear a grey topper."

"We wear a topper with tails over here," explained Mr. Errol.

Mr. Wimperis gasped: "Well, I should jolly well think so." Then he asked: "But where do you ever wear a topper and tails? I never see them."

A puzzled expression passed over Mr. Errol's face. Then it brightened. "Why on the stage and at weddings," he said.

Mr. Wimperis began to tell about a strange creature he had seen in front of the Casino in Paris recently.

"A most awfully odd chap," he remarked. "He wore a bowler hat, white flannel coat, white trousers with blue stripes, and bathing shoes."

"All that boy needed was a celluloid collar to burn London up with mirth," interpolated Errol.

"He had a walrus mustache, and I assure you, my dear fellow, that was quite amusing enough."

Errol: "You mean soup-strands?" Then he coaxed: "What else do you know, Buddy?"

"Not a thing, Cull," came the quick response.

The host chuckled.

"Honestly, my boy friend and I get an awful kick out of all this badinage. We work our mixed idioms overtime. And our slang stays up all night with us. But Mr. Wimperis is mighty adaptable. I'll have him so Americanized before long that he won't want to leave this country, even to get back to his valet and the trick birds that fly in at the door and perch on his desk when he's writing plays at home in England. He's fond of Americans already, aren't you, boy friend?"

Boy friend responded truthfully: "Except when they start to tell me a funny story. Same old idea that the Britisher lacks humor. An American buttonholes me and warns: 'I'm going to tell you a story. It's a funny one. It's a story that's funny and is going to be a real funny story. Funny. You get me?' Then he proceeds to tell it. When he's finished, and I have not been able to chortle with mirth, he asks anxiously: 'Don't you think it's funny?' And when I respond: 'Yes, it always was,' why he doesn't laugh, I can't tell you."

Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Errol proceeded to exchange a few stories, their favorites, expurgated and one hundred per cent. chaste. But the room did not ring merrily with laughter.

"Well, now, take this one, old chappie," offered Wimperis. "Think this is funny? A man meets another and asks: 'Is your mother entertaining this season?' And the other replies: 'Not very.'" Silence. Cold. Still. Uninterrupted. Then Mr. Errol says soothingly:

"Not so bad, not so bad, boy friend. In time we'd get used to that one. We could train ourselves to laugh over it after a couple of years or so."

Surely Louis XIV, reared in such jolly surroundings, is bound to be a funny kid. I told the English dramatist and the American comedian so. Both of them chorused: "Bless you, my child," as they escorted me to the "elevator," according to Mr. Errol; to the "lift," according to Mr. Wimperis.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Mme. Hansen's ever-eloquent violin records two delicately beautiful cradle songs by Jarnefelt and Cesar Cui. In lesser hands they are always lovely numbers—the subtleties of Mme. Hansen's bow endow them with even richer tone colors and feeling.

Again we are privileged to hear Landowska's harpsichord in two records of historic importance and present delight. The Neapolitan Scarlatti's *La Chasse* (The Hunt) is the first, a quaint piece; while the second is a *bourrée* or old-country dance of the player's own composing, and fully in the spirit of *l'ancien régime.*

We are grateful for Margarete Matzenauer's superb record of Ponchielli's *Voce di donna* (Angelic Voice), from *Gioconda,* and Meyerbeer's *Nobil signori, salute!* (Noble Sirs, I Salute You!). The first is a beautiful example of legato singing; the second, a florid number, always a test of an operatic contralto's coloratura ability.

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THE MEN WHO WRITE THE HITS

(*Continued from page* 28)

Maxwell Anderson is several years older than Stallings. He was born in 1888 in Atlantic, Pa. He spent his early days in western Pennsylvania, where his family has lived for many generations. His father is a Baptist minister. When his family moved to North Dakota, he attended the State University there and later taught school for two years. He moved to California and became an instructor of English in Leland Stanford University and later a professor of English in Whittier College, in southern California. When he grew tired of teaching he drifted to San Francisco and looked for newspaper work, finding it on the copy desk of the *Bulletin.* Soon he was writing editorials. Then he worked on the staff of other newspapers, occasionally contributing to the *New Republic.* He was then invited to come East to join the staff of that publication, and later went to the *Globe* as an editorial writer. When that paper ceased publication he joined the staff of the *World.*

This is not Mr. Anderson's first play. Last season his *White Desert* was produced by Brock Pemberton. It had a brief run at the Princess. *The Feud,* a play which Anderson wrote with George Abbott, who acted in *White Desert,* has been sold to John Golden and may be produced soon. A volume of poems which he has written will be published late this fall.

IDEAS *VS.* BRICKS AND MONEY

(*Continued from page* 9)

cal grafter lick his chops as the possibilities of the project dawned upon his mind. Under the wise supervision of our enlightened Board of Aldermen and with a committee not blind to the claims of every Assembly District the launching of the enterprise would stir the political waters to their depths and bring to the surface countless embryo actors, all near relatives of persons with a pull. Mere thought of the possibilities of a Municipal Playhouse is sufficient to stagger the sanest mind.

And while the advocates of *repertoire* have been busy with appeals for funds, more than one inconspicuous playhouse has made good without money and through sheer force of talent. The earliest of these modest places of amusement was the Grand Duke's, started and carried on by newsboys in the early seventies. From this house and the rival establishment of young Joseph Tooker graduated Weber and Fields and the Bernard brothers, all of whom lived to amuse the public in most creditable fashion. Of the various theatres founded on talent instead of cash within recent years a complete history is yet to be written. And the narration of their achievements will help to sustain my contention that a theatre is a thing of ideas, not one of bricks, mortar and money.

Unexpected Play Developments

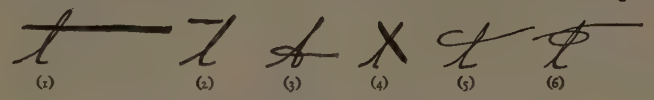
MANY plays, says Daniel Frohman in his interesting *Memories of a Manager,* develop opportunities during rehearsals. He writes:

"When Mr. Sothern and I produced *Captain Lettarblair,* the heroine had to leave the hero's apartment in anger. At her exit, as she turned toward the hero, her dress was accidentally caught in the door; so she couldn't leave the apartment. The Captain, not seeing the cause, could not understand her hesitancy. The rehearsal was stopped. But we regarded it as good 'business,' and an elaborate scene was developed by Mr. Sothern which evoked roars of laughter.

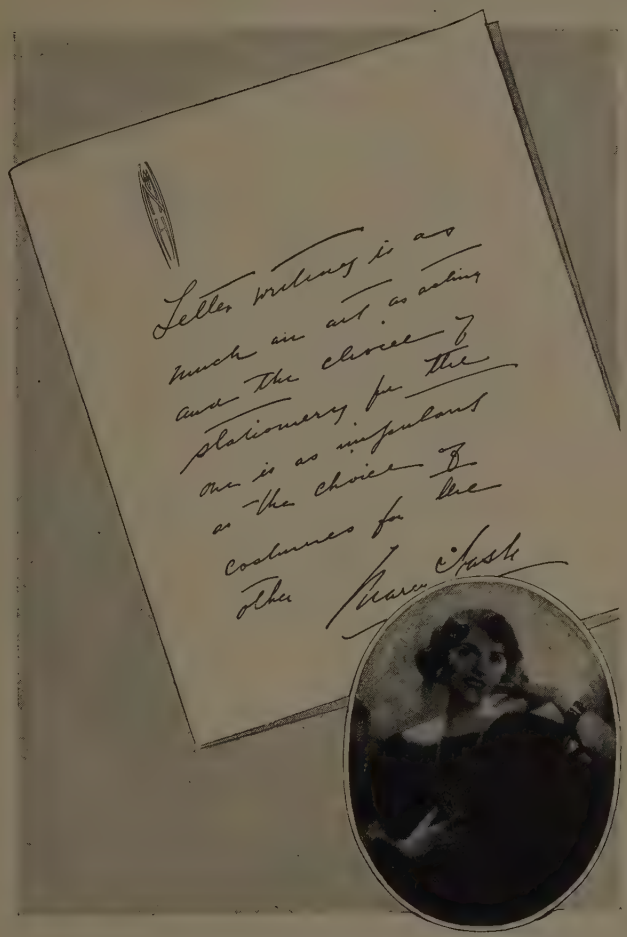
"In *Lord Chumley* the slavey accidentally left her huge feather-duster sticking, feathers upward, in a chair. Lord Chumley had to sit on this piece of furniture. The feathers tickled his head. He started with a shout of alarm. He began to remonstrate with the actress for her carelessness, when it was suggested that this be made a part of the 'business' of the scene. It always provoked a roar of laughter. Incidents of this kind can be multiplied. To get a play in the right place is always sought. But the comedians are frequently eliminated from the scene while a bit of serious acting is impending, because their presence inevitably reminds the audience, in the wrong place, of their previous laughter-provoking efforts, and so the right balance is observed.

"The play upon which the comic opera, *Erminie,* was founded (*Robert Macaire*) was a peculiarly serious drama. The Parisian public, however, did not take it so. At its first presentation the serious actions and speeches caused most unwonted merriment. The manager was dumfounded. He watched the curious effect for a time and then, being a man of infinitely sound sense, went behind the scenes, called his cast together and said, 'Just play the piece as comedy.' They did so with great success, and it ran a year."

Your "Ts" Tell on you



The Way You Write Them Means a Lot to an Expert Reader of Handwriting


Letter writing is as much an art as acting are the choice of stationery for the one is as important as the choice of costumes for the
Mary Nash

Mary Nash and her handwriting—*Note how Miss Nash crosses her "t's" and read what this means to Miss Rice.*

WHEN you write a letter every stroke of your pen reveals some trait or characteristic of which, even you, yourself, may have no knowledge. No two people write exactly alike. Every individual has peculiarities of penmanship upon which the expert graphologist builds character portraits.

Take the letter "T" for example. Of the six samples shown above, No. 1 is the most interesting to me. It is the "T" of a woman author, and the long, heavy cross stroke indicates tremendous vitality and extraordinary force.

No. 2 is the "T" of a delightful friend of mine —a poet. He is really a great poet but the world will never see his best work because he never writes it. Procrastination is his great failing, indicated by the short, incomplete cross stroke.

"T" No. 3 belongs to a man who is a great success. The loop in the bar stands for persistence, and this man is certainly that.

The argumentative "T" points its nose downward as in No. 4, while the flirtatious "T" (No. 5) waves its curly line in the air. No. 6 is an unusual formation which I have been unable to classify. Perhaps it is a symptom of the jazz age, or indicative of persistence and business ambition gone mad.

As with "T" so each letter has its meaning as you write it. Wouldn't you like to know what your handwriting can tell you about yourself. If so, arrange with the dealer from whom you buy your stationery to send me a specimen of your handwriting, and I am sure you will be interested and possibly helped.

Louise Rice

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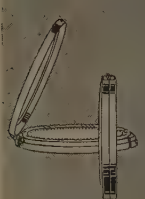

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December—Twenty-Four Years Ago

ADA REHAN was starring in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Marie Dressler was playing the title-rôle in *Miss Print* at the Victoria.

Maclyn Arbuckle and Margaret Fuller were appearing in *The Sprightly Romance of Marsac* at the Republic.

Jean De Reszke was drawing audiences at the Metropolitan which would have been the envy of any present-day matinée idol. His *Lohengrin* created a furore. With him in the cast were Nordica and Schumann-Heink.

Lulu Glaser was appearing in the comic opera, *Sweet Ann Page,* at the Manhattan.

May Irwin was starring in *Madge Smith, Attorney,* at the Bijou Theatre.

The initial performance of Clyde Fitch's play *The Climbers,* was given on December 17th, the cast including Amelia Bingham, Robert Edeson, Minnie Dupree and Clara Bloodgood.

The dramatic version of *Janice Meredith,* Paul Leicester Ford's romantic revolutionary story, was first seen in New York on December 10, with Mary Mannering in the title-rôle and Burr McIntosh as Philemon Hennion.

Richard Mansfield was appearing in *Henry Fifth.*

Mrs. Leslie Carter was playing the title-rôle in *Zaza* at the Harlem Opera House.

Mrs. Dane's Defence, the well-known drama by Henry Arthur Jones, was seen for the first time in America, with Margaret Anglin playing the title-rôle.

Beatrice Terry was seen at the Garrick in *The Man Who Stole the Castle.*

Bernhardt and Coquelin were appearing at the Garden Theatre. During the month of December their repertoire included *Camille,* Bernhardt portraying the frail heroine and Coquelin playing George Duval for the first time. *Tosca* was also given, with Bernhardt in the title-rôle and Coquelin playing the wicked Scarpia. In *Hamlet,* Sarah played the tragic Dane and Coquelin, the first grave-digger.

Andrew Mack was appearing in *The Rebel* at the Grand Opera House.

Frank Mills was playing in *The Happy Hypocrite.*

Cashel Byron's Profession, an adaptation from G. Bernard Shaw's story, was presented at the Herald Square Theatre. In the cast were Jane Kenmark, Grace Griswald, Harry St. Maur and Edward Emery.

Stars of yesteryear. Annie Russell in *A Royal Family* at the old Lyceum

E. S. Willard was appearing in *David Garrick* at the Garden Theatre.

Bijou Fernandez and Wilton Lackaye were seen in *Quo Vadis* at the Academy of Music.

Cecilia Loftus was playing Lucy in *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* at Daly's.

A Royal Rogue, by Charles Klein, was presented at the Broadway Theatre with Josephine Hall, Eva Davenport and Hilda Hollins in the cast.

The House That Jack Built, by George H. Broadhurst, was playing at Hoyt's Theatre.

Elsie Janis was touring the United States in vaudeville under the management of E. E. Rice.

Zeffie Tilbury was playing Isabel in *King Henry Fifth* with Lewis Waller.

The Burgomaster, with book and lyrics by Frank Pixley and music by Gustave Luders, was playing at the Manhattan Theatre with Henry E. Dixey in the cast.

In the Palace of the King, a dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel by Lorimer Stoddard, was presented at the Republic Theatre, including in its cast Eben Plympton, Edgar L. Davenport, William Norris.

Richard Bennett was playing Father Anselm in *A Royal Family* at the Lyceum Theatre.

Channez Olney, Elita Proctor Otis and Grace Filkins in *The Brixton Burglary,* farce seen at the Herald Square Theatre two decades and a half ago. Gowns and hats by Bendel? Hardly.

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SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT

(*Continued from page* 20)

frequently have a way of making the male leading part in her plays so much more humorous than that of the star. Fred Stone worries because the magnates of vaudeville keep open shop on Sundays, while he is president of the National Vaudeville Artists and some time ago, in a rather sensational manner, joined the Church. Mistinguett worries because some of the biographical books tell the correct year of her birth. Josephine Janis worries because some of the actors appearing on the same stage with daughter Elsie are "too good." Madam Schumann-Heink worries because there are only seven nights in a week and only fifty-two weeks in one year, making it difficult to give more than 365 recitals in one season.

Jane Cowl worries because Shakespeare exacts too much histrionic ability from the actress who personates his heroines. Avery Hopwood worries because he is spending his time writing "best-seller" comedies, while he would prefer to be known as a successful novelist. Thomas Jefferson worries because everyone compares his acting to that of his father, not always to the advantage of the son. William Farnum worries because the public seems to have forgotten that he has a voice, although he has been gathering the dollars in pictures and would return to the theatres where actors are not dumb. George Arliss worries because Walker Whiteside appeared in and was successful in a play very similar to *The Green Goddess*. Galli-Curci worries because somebody or other is forever popping up and claiming to have been her teacher, whereas she says she learned to sing from the birds, from the sound of waterfalls and wind in the trees.

Vladimir De Pachmann, celebrated piano virtuoso, once told me that he was not only worried but tortured by the fact that he did not practice correctly until he was an old man, otherwise instead of being "the greatest living pianist," he would have been "the greatest pianist of all time."

Paderewski is constantly worried about his wrists and has them heavily insured. Anne Nichols worries because *Abie's Irish Rose* royalties mean amazing income surtax. Henry Miller worries because the stage-hands make what he terms "preposterous demands" upon the producing manager. Arthur Hopkins worries because John Barrymore decides to take a vacation in Europe in the middle of a season that is a record-breaker as a coin extractor.

They all worry—spend their lives worrying. In the midst of a great success, they worry about next season's play. Eva Tanguay sang "I Don't Care" with the abandon of a man upon the top of the world, but she told me she never went upon the stage when her knees were not trembling so much that she feared collapse from stage fright. Even when audiences think they are not worrying, they are. That's their profession—to pretend to be what they are not. So it cannot be true that worry causes more deaths than disease. If it were, all the actors would be in their graves.

MUSIC

(*Continued from page* 34)

opera lovers will have abundant fare to choose from. It is up to the public to make good the belief that Americans are willing to give more than lip service to the cause of the lyric drama.

The concert season promises to be a lively one. As usual, the only John McCormack is booked solid. He is to sing during November, December and January in Hartford, Fall River, Springfield, Rutland, Syracuse, Chicago, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Bloomington, Lansing, Columbus, Detroit, Washington, Rochester, Cleveland, Buffalo, Reading, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and of course in New York and Brooklyn.

Maria Jeritza has already completed her Fall concert tour and in March will undertake another one.

Madame Galli-Curci remains in Europe up to the beginning of the Metropolitan season, when she returns to America. Her concert tour begins in February and she will visit the principal cities throughout the country.

The Anglo-American critical entente is an admirable thing. Last year Mr. Colles, music critic of the *London Times*, came to the *New York Times* for the first part of the season, and this year Mr. Ernest Newman leaves, at least temporarily, the *Manchester Guardian* and comes for the whole season to the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Newman will be able both to give and to receive.

Such shifts might prove quite as valuable to both nations as was the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, particularly as we have no prince of our own to lend to the Mother Country. The gifts of true friendship must be mutual. And then, of course, these exchanges might be extended to the dramatic and literary departments of the various newspapers and even to the political writers. In fact, why not publish the *New York Times* in London and the *London Times* in New York? That would be even more stimulating!

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THE REVUES—AS THEIR MAKERS SEE THEM

(*Continued from page* 10)

got to be good. They've got to be a Ziegfeld *Follies,* at the New Amsterdam Theatre with mats. on Wednesday and Saturday, and they've got to be pretty much the same sort of thing every year or the people won't like them. Now you take Murray Anderson and his Greenwich Village show. Along about five years ago he could do anything he liked. Nobody knew what type his shows were going to be one year to the next. But now! Well, he's got to have some little stunt like giving away noise-makers, and he's got to have some comedian like Savoy used to be, and he's got to have one of those dark-brown transformations about that composer and his moonlight sonata, which I give you my word are as dull as you think Ben Ali Haggin's stuff is and not half the color, and besides my men know what to do with lights. And Irving Berlin. He built himself a mighty pretty theatre, and I wish I had the equal of it for my boys and girls, and anybody'll admit I've got as much right to a theatre as anybody. But is Irving putting over anything in the show business that we didn't do years ago? He's a great musician that boy, and I used loads of his stuff years ago, but nowadays he's got to turn out a big number so that Hassard Short can use up all the hydraulic machinery in the basement, and another big number on account of how many girls he's got dancing, and it's the same thing with all of us. We each do a definite type of show, and my show happens to be the best.

YOU say you can take good material and ruin it in a bad show. I tell you I can take the worst material in the world and make a good *Follies* out of it. That's show business! Anybody can handle fifteen stars; but many's the time I haven't had one real one when I started the show, maybe only just some popular favorite, that's different, but not the kind of star Bert Williams was, the kind of person you felt was the backbone of the show. And I've made the shows, because I'm a producer, and, Charley, there's times I wonder what the devil you really are. You had a piece called *Limehouse Blues*—it was such darned good music that it had been danced over here a year before you brought it along. And you muffed it altogether. You were trying to be "intelligent" about it maybe. You were afraid to put it on straight, so you put a little half-hearted comedy into the ending of it. But you never put over the song worth a darn. If it hadn't been for the hotel and cabaret orchestras that played it, that song would have been lost entirely, and as a number on your program, my boy, it wasn't worth the time it took. Maybe I'm too refined, but I tell you when I get a piece of music like *Limehouse,* I *produce* it. I'm not afraid of it or ashamed to take it sentimentally; I give it the whole stage and good dancing and lights and color, and by gosh the audience does get that song! You just let it lay in front of us.

TELL you something else, Charley, about intelligence. It's O. K., but you're just going nutty about it. That stunt of yours of playing a thing first too soft and then too loud was good. But why did you have to repeat the same idea with the play that's played backward? That wasn't funny. It sounds like a good idea. So did most of the ideas in the *Forty-niners* and *Round the Town* and in all the intelligent revues that flopped. But when I hear a good idea I want to see it making good on the stage, not on paper. Your good ideas are good paper, mostly.

In fact, I think the Charlot revue was pretty second-rate stuff. With only a little money to spend, comparatively, you ought to have spent it on pretty sets and pretty costumes, dainty, you know, and attractive. Yours were just second-hand stuff from the *Scandals.* And with intelligence as your motto, you ought to have cut out the sentimental slops that Buchanan and even old Lillie handed to themselves. You ought to have done something "intelligent" about dancing; actually you got yourself a competent American boy to train them, I suppost, but darn little you added.

Well, we each think our own stuff pretty good and the other fellow's not so extra. So I won't go any further about your show, except to say that I hope you succeed with this season's revue, too, and maybe you'll produce it instead of just leave it lying around on the stage. And about my shows, why do they have to be peppy? Why do they have to be enjoying themselves on my stage? I pay them to do their work, whether they enjoy it or not, and the work they do is to be beautiful in an agreeable setting, to dance nicely to pleasant music, and, more than anything else, to create the nice atmosphere of a *Follies* show. So long as they do that, I'm satisfied—and so are my customers.

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CONGREVE'S WIT AMUSES BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 12)

husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIR.: Would you have 'em both before marriage or will you be contented with the first now and stay for the other till after grace?

MRS. MIL.: Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h, adieu my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs,* ye *sommeils du matin,* adieu. I can't do it. 'Tis more than impossible. Positively, Mirabell I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

MIR.: Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MRS. MIL.: Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—and, d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married. Positively I won't be called names.

MIR.: Names!

MRS. MIL.: Aye, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar, I shall not bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis, nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

MIR.: Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MRS. MIL.: Trifles! As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits I don't like because they are your acquaintances, or to be intimate with fools because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And, lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIR.: Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MRS. MIL.: You have free leave. Propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIR.: I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant, that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she-friend to screen her affairs under your countenance and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask, then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out, and rail at me for missing the play and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

MRS. MIL.: Detestable *imprimis!* I go to the play in a mask!

MIR.: *Item,* I article that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall, and while it passes current with me, that you endeavor not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins, and I know not what—hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig-water and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what d'ye call it court. *Item,* I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets and penny-worths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. *Item,* when you shall be breeding——

MRS. MIL.: Ah! name it not.

MIR.: Which may be presumed with a blessing on our endeavors.

MRS. MIL.: Odious endeavors!

MIR.: I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mold my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit, but with provisos that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks as tea, chocolate and coffee, as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk, such as mending of fashion, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends and so forth, but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative and presume to drink healths or toast fellows, for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary; but for cowslip wine, poppy water and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MRS. MIL.: Oh, horrid provisos! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIR.: Then we are agreed! Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract?

BRUNSWICK'S ANNUAL *Shopper's Christmas Guide*

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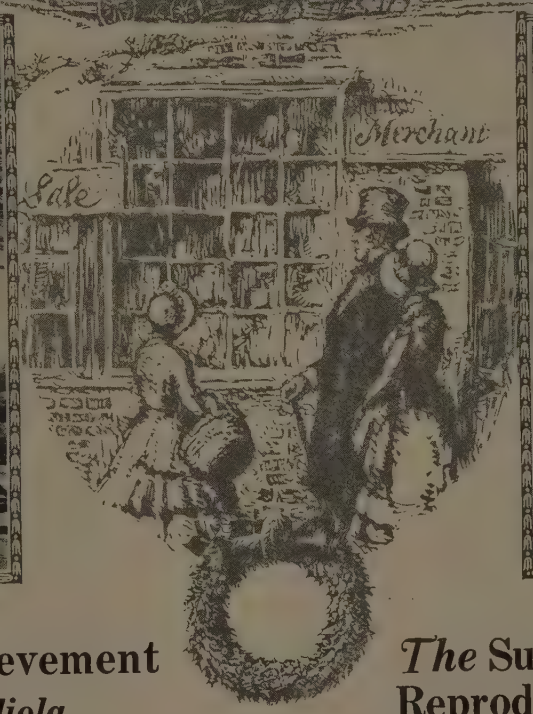

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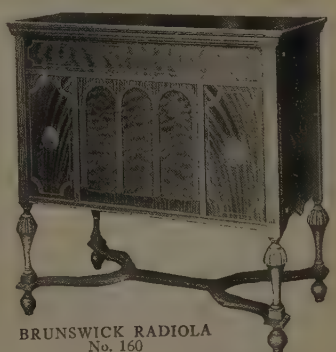

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THE VANITY BOX

By JEANNE HALL

WHEN we speak of vanities, or frivolities, or whims . . we mean *"tout simplement"* . . Woman's Rights. Vanity Box is dedicated to this very worthy cause, and, as you well know, is in constant quest of the newest accessories, the latest fads and fancies in this Field of Fields . . Woman's Beauty.

And now we want to tell you about our wonderful discovery the other day, and you surely will agree with Carlotta Monterey, who appeared as the demure little bride in *The Red Falcon,* . . that "individuality, like politeness, begins at home." For it was precisely at Miss Monterey's delightful "home in the clouds," in one of New York's smartest vicinities, that we stumbled upon the real secret of reflected personality. There is no time like tea-time for confidences . . and as Françoise prepared the dainty *thé à deux,* to the gentle ticking of an old Colonial clock on the mantelpiece, we felt at once at home.

Miss Monterey was talking about the new French play which Henry Miller will produce here shortly and in which she will have the leading rôle. When, quite subtly, a sweet fragrance seemed to permeate the entire room, dimly lighted with soft rays of deep gold and red. Our curiosity grew, for this perfume was without question an extraordinary mixture of sweet heather . . and of mysterious flowers such as we imagined grew only in the sacred gardens of India. With every bit of our best courage, we blurted out . .

"Just what is that simply heavenly perfume which you use?"

"Now you are asking me something which is my deepest secret . . and I guard it jealously, too," was the quiet reply, with a fetching smile and slightly reproachful look from our elated hostess.

"All my friends are curious to know where I get this perfume, called *Un Peu d'Elle,* especially made in France and imported by one of our most exclusive shops in the city. And, . . after all," . . she said thoughtfully, . . "not wishing to appear unkind toward them, yet believing that every woman should cultivate one *Maitre de Parfum* in all of her toilet accessories, I will compromise just this once, and give them all a fair chance to share my secret," . . Miss Monterey continued, all aglow with enthusiasm.

"I believe perfumes should be consistent with one's individual development. For instance, the young woman at twenty-five years of age will not use the same perfume that she clung to when she was sweet nineteen. And so, as she gains in wisdom and experience . . so ought her perfume to reflect her distinctive personality." We instantly agreed with this splendid theory, but added that this is particularly difficult to do, as few perfumes are consistently interpreted in the various products, such as sachets, toilet waters, bath salts, etc. (*Continued on page* 71)

A few of the perfumes of rare individuality which are finding wide-spread popularity wit women of both the Theatre and Society. *From left to right:* A new creation by Caron, calle *Nuit de Noel* (Christmas Night), $27.00; the crystal Buddha, containing Houbigant's *Su tilité,* $12.50. A marked simplicity of design forms this bottle, called *Jouir,* by Fioret, $12.0 The well-known favorite of the past few seasons, *Narcisse Noir,* by Caron, in a plain bo $11.50; a black satin box, $13.50

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5000 Women a Day Choose The Madame X Girdle

Makes you look more slender the moment you put it on—and quickly and comfortably massages away 3 to 10 inches.

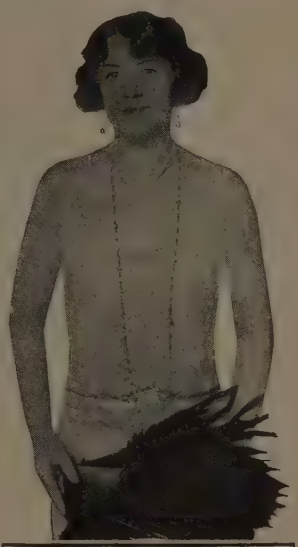
THE ideal way to reduce—healthy, comfortable, quick—that's why the Madame X Girdle has taken the nation by storm! More than 400,000 all over the country are now slenderizing waist and hips this amazing way. And in New York City alone, the demand for the Madame X Girdle has become so tremendous that one of the largest stores has been forced to open a special department to handle the crowds.

Good Reason for Madame X Popularity

The Madame X Girdle is so popular because it makes you look slender at once and will take off the actual fat quickly and effectively without self-denials and discomforts. No more dieting, exercises, or drugs!

As soon as you slip into this marvelously flexible girdle, you look inches thinner. Instantly takes in the protruding abdomen and conceals bulky hips. Molds the figure into the smooth, straight lines that Fashion demands—yet allows perfect freedom of motion. No stiff, "corsety," laced-in feeling—no binding or restriction. It conforms so perfectly to the lines of the body that it actually seems to become a part of the figure — bends and adapts itself to any position of waist, hips and thighs just as naturally as the skin itself.

And you walk, run, sit, climb, stoop, and go about your daily duties — and never even feel that you're wearing it! But every second of the day, without your being conscious of it, the marvelous girdle is at work—gently and continually easing away excess flesh. You'll be amazed to see how quickly you lose several inches. Often 1 to 3 inches the first week!



Blanche Ring

Read what this famous theatrical star has to say about the Madame X

It gives me great pleasure to tell you how delighted I am with the Madame X Reducing Girdle. It is a marvelously comfortable garment and is so flexible. It is especially suitable for sports wear; I wear it always when I play golf or tennis.

BLANCHE RING.

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The Madame X Girdle is the original rubber reducing garment and is the result of years of scientific study and research. Its special features make it different and superior to all other reducing garments, and account for its amazing success.

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Physicians say that the Madame X Girdle is ideal for reducing purposes, because it does its work effectively and still keeps the pores open. Athletes use similar rubber garments to keep in condition. And many women have found it so comfortable, they wear it as a corset even though they don't have to reduce. They all say they would never go back to the old-fashioned corset again.

The Madame X a Favorite With Leading Stage Women

Do not confuse the Madame X Girdle with countless imitations that have sprung up. The Madame X Girdle is not a rubber and material combination. Try it on today! You'll see why prominent actresses are so enthusiastic about it. You'll be delighted to see how quickly it conceals big hips, waist and abdomen — how comfortable you feel—and how quickly you reduce. But be sure to insist on the Madame X.

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Pat. May 13, 1924

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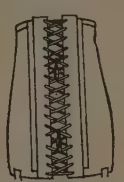

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Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 19)

The costumes and scenery are beautiful, but the stage *ensembles* are the real high lights of the play.

Tiger Cats

Drama in three acts by Mrs. Karen Bramson, translated by Michael Orme. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre October 21, with the following cast:

André Chaumont, Robert Loraine; Suzanne, Katharine Cornell; Count Bernard, Reginald Mason; Yvonne, Mary Servoss; Jacqueline, Ruth Dayton; Clement, Ben Johnson; Marianne, Sydney Thompson; Jules, Henry Carvill; Henriette, Rea Martin; A Clerk, William Boag.

THAT *Tiger Cats* made a less favorable impression when presented in New York than when originally produced in London was, I think, entirely due to the fact that it is not so well done here. Not often am I able to pick flaws in a Belasco production, but the fact remains that Katharine Cornell was an unfortunate choice for the rôle of the sensuous extravagant, vicious wife. No one has admired and praised Miss Cornell for her work in other plays more than I have done. I have hailed her as the most promising of all the new talent now on the American stage. But after seeing her in *Tiger Cats,* I realize, for the first time, her limitations. In this play the actress does not so much as scratch the skin of her part. She does not appear even to grasp the rôle's possibilities. The real reason, of course, is that she is not physically suited to it. She is of the intellectual type, whereas the part calls for a voluptuous, sensual woman. As a natural consequence, the play itself suffered.

As already outlined in these columns, the play deals with domestic infelicity. André Chaumont, a literary worker, a writer of scientific books, is married to a soulless, brainless creature whose appeal to her husban has been only a physical one. But love and desire are long since dead. Her behavior and extravagance irritate him beyond endurance. He loathes her. He can't work, he can't think. She taunts him for not making more money, so she may spend it. She is a beautiful animal, nothing more. As he says bitterly to his friend Bernard: "Such women are like tiger cats. When their every whim is indulged, they purr. But once they are crossed, they show their claws and sometimes they draw blood." Never were pair so unsuited, yet he cannot divorce her because he loves his boy, and it would mean separation. Finally, driven into a frenzy by her conduct, he shoots her, but not fatally. She recovers and vows to be avenged. Her vengeance shall be that she will bring this proud man to her feet by her physical charms—by desire. And Adam falls, still another victim of the irresistible sex lure.

For the weakness of the unsatisfactory last act—its feebleness and lack of interest—both author and players must share the responsibility. Properly written and acted, this last act would have been a logical and powerful ending. Irate husbands have succumbed before to the wiles of siren wives. Nothing is so strong as the fleshly appeal. Few men can resist it. But the appeal must be there. In this play the dramatist did not write it and Miss Cornell did not act it. Absolutely no reason was shown for the sudden reversion from hate to love on the husband's part. The situation is much like the similar scene in the second act of *Cobra,* but with this difference—that Miss Cornell merely gives the author's cold lines coldly, while Judith Anderson puts real, red-hot passion into her pulsating ones. Women invariably use the sex appeal to bring men to their knees. But no such sensual lure was used in the last act of *Tiger Cats.* Miss Cornell with her anything but fleshly figure, her raised eyebrows and cultured, rather monotonous voice tones, was sexually cold, and Mr. Loraine dispassionate and calm in a scene which, if properly played, should have shown them swept off their feet by the violence of their emotions. André merely says, "I love you," and lets it go at that. Frigid curtain!

Mr. Loraine, himself conscious of the weak support, gave a less virile performance than when I saw the play in London, yet soared head and shoulders above the rest of the cast. Miss Servoss overacted and overdressed the part of the sister-in-law. Why Mr. Mason, with a British accent and white spats, should play the Continental Count Bernard is a puzzle. Ben Johnson, as the magistrate, was rather irritating with his *"Mardams,"* and the typist not at all the sort of secretary an author of Chaumont's standing would be likely to employ.

The Fake

Drama in four acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Hudson Theatre October 6, with the following cast:

Dr. Hesketh Pointer, M. P., Harry Neville; Sir Thomas Moorgate, M. D., Reynolds Denniston; Ernest Stanton, M. P., Orlando Daly; Clifford Hope, John Williams; Mrs. Hesketh Pointer, Pauline Whitson; Mavis Stanton, Frieda Inescort; Watkins, Boyd Davis; Mrs. Stanton, Evelyn Walsh Hall; Hon. Gerrard Pillick, Frank Conroy; Geoffrey Sands, Godfrey Tearle; A Parlor Maid, Marion Allen; A Waitress, Una O'Connor.

FREDERICK LONSDALE is nothing if not up to date—even in melodrama. For *The Fake* is melodrama, garnished with the lawless philosophy of the Nineteen-Twenties. Gerrard Pillick is a drunkard, a drug fiend, a wastrel and a wife torturer. Thirty years ago he would have died by the

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hand of God to slow music, and the hero would have been left to live happily ever afterward with his widow. In *The Fake,* the hero deliberately poisons him in the interests of eugenics and utters a final curtain homily on the beauty of murder for unselfish purposes. Surely much water has flowed under England's moral bridges since the days of good Queen Vic! It would be interesting to get the opinion of Judge Calverly of Loeb-Leopold fame as to the justification of Mr. Geoffrey Sands' altruistic venture into the art of the Borgias!

But it is not only in his theory of eugenics that Mr. Lonsdale proves his modernity. He is modern, too, in his use of camouflage. He camouflages at times most successfully the fact that he is writing a melodrama by making the dialogue that of a drawing-room comedy. The speech of the characters is sometimes witty, always realistic. There is an air of well-bred sprightliness even in the murder. Only in the character of the dipsomaniac husband is there apparent the cloven-hoof of old-time melodrama. It was a pity that in the present production this character should have been so badly overacted by Frank Conroy. Mr. Conroy had a glorious time rolling his eyes and lifting his eyebrows, but the result at times was little short of ludicrous.

Mr. Conroy, however, was the only actor who was off the key. Godfrey Tearle gave a superb performance of the hero. His self-possession and his magnificent voice made murder not only a fine art, but seemingly within the Decalogue. What a voice for an Othello is Mr. Tearle's! Frieda Inescort was charming as the suffering wife and Orlando Daly properly unctious as her unscrupulous father. A very vital bit of character acting was provided by Marion Allen as the parlor maid in the hotel. The rest of the cast was quite within the picture.

Artists and Models of 1924

A musical revue in two acts. Book by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced by the Shuberts at the Astor Theatre on October 15, with the following principals:

Flora Lea, Valadia Vestoff, Marie Stoddard, Alexander Frank, Joseph Spree, Jack Hines, Charles Massinger, Charles Cannefax, Barnett Parker, Frank Gaby, Mabel Withee, Señorita Trini.

ARTISTS AND MODELS OF 1924 is a resplendent revue, outshining and outglittering its sisters of other years. This year's models in particular are gorgeous creatures. They dress as models are supposed to undress. A few of the brilliant and colorful stage pictures they form are breath-taking spectacles. The form divine is displayed bravely and boldly. Certainly the lumber merchants from Michigan and the collar salesmen from Troy will have something sensational to tell the folks back home this year.

This season's spectacle is a diverting combination of revue and glorified burlesque. When the eye tires of shifting colors, the tint of pink skin, chiffon-swathed, there are the dance-and-song numbers and the amusing travesties and sketches to keep the show from becoming monotonous. The tone of these are somewhat Rabelaisian. Take, for instance, the funniest of these. It is called "Insanity," and what happens to the Governor's lady at the hands, or, rather, the foot of a lunatic, is not so nice, but it certainly puts a stitch in the risibilities. There is also a travesty of *Fata Morgana,* which mocks the Theatre Guild production in a joyous fashion.

There are many high lights to this glittering and artistic revue: The beauteous Mabel Withee, who sings a lot and in an off-moment plunges into a pool dressed in the proper pool costume; the prunes-and-prism prattle of the sissy boy as interpreted by Barnett Parker; the excellent ventriloquism of Frank Gaby, and the beautiful stage pictures, particularly the Pompadour Fan, to say nothing of the lovely formed ladies of the chorus.

My Son

Play in three acts by Martha Stanley. Produced by Gustav Blum at the Princess Theatre September 15, with the following cast:

Gilda Shay, Marguerite Stuart; Ezra Baker, Frederic Clayton; Ellery Parker, George MacQuarrie; Brauglio Silva, Herbert Clark; Captain Joe Bamby, Claude Cooper; Betty Smith, Martha Madison; Ana Silva, Joan Gordon; Rosa Pina, Margaret Shackelford; Hattie Smith, Sarah Truax; Felipe Vargas, E. L. Fernandez.

OCCASIONALLY a pure dramatic creation wanders into the bright Broadway swamp. *My Son* is one of these. Martha Stanley's play is about the Portuguese and New Englanders of Cape Cod, and provides the kind of evening's entertainment to which one can invite the family group—grandma down to the sub-deb. Most of the characters are the possessors of noble souls. They live on an idealistic plane far above the average human being. Much of the time the atmosphere seethes with nobility of character.

Notwithstanding all this piety and goodness, *My Son* is entertaining. Besides, there is the gay, bad little flapper to offset all the purity. This simple little drama is admirably acted. Its single set, the living quarters and store of a widow in a sea-coast town of Cape Cod, is like a beautiful painting, the details worthy of Belasco.

Mother love, as can be gathered from the title, is the dominating theme. Joan Gordon does admirably as the mother, except for the fact that half of the time she speaks with an accent and half of the time entirely without

(*Continued on page* 70)

Face Molding

Keeps the face and neck vital and young

PHYSIOLOGICAL COMMON SENSE is what a prominent woman physician called Face Molding, the scientific treatment for rejuvenating the face and neck originated by Primrose House, New York's Smartest Beauty Salon.

Every intelligent woman knows that mere surface treatment cannot preserve a youthful contour or the charm of a lovely skin. To do this it is necessary to reach the underlying muscles. Face Molding, which differs radically from massage, lifts, strengthens and revives these muscles, making them firm and elastic. It raises the drooping muscles that cause double chin, smoothes out the wrinkles and lines around the eyes and mouth, and in the brow.

Ten minutes' Face Molding a day in your own home will give remarkable results. At once your face and neck begin to feel invigorated. Your skin is aglow with new life and loveliness. Youthful lines are restored.

Besides the preparations used in Face Molding there are Primrose House Preparations to meet every beauty need. Every type of skin has been considered in the creation of creams, lotions, face powders and rouges, each of them exquisite in its perfection. Scientifically developed, they accomplish definite results. They are sold at leading stores throughout the country. Ask about Face Molding and Primrose House Preparations at the toilet goods department of your favorite shop.

A visit to Primrose House when you are in New York will prove a delight as well as a revelation. All treatments are given by graduate registered nurses who will gladly advise you on your individual beauty needs.

PRIM—a thoroughly tested and harmless preparation that will positively remove superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms and legs. It may be easily used at home and will not irritate the skin. At all shops where Primrose House Preparations are sold or will be sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Two sizes—$2.50 and $4.00

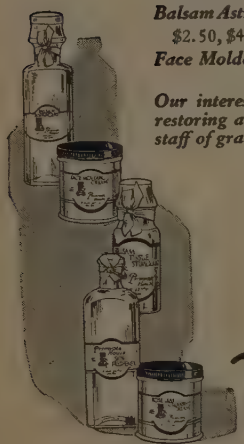
Primrose House Face and Neck Rest Strap

Primrose House has perfected a corrective strap for the flabby muscles of the face and neck and the sagging or heaviness under the chin. It is designed to round the throat and form a youthful contour by supporting the heavy muscles of the neck which have a tendency to fall forward. It also lifts the chin and muscles of the sides of the face to their normal position. It is pleasant and comfortable to wear and can be adjusted to fit perfectly. Made in two materials, heavy flesh-colored satin at $10.00 and French pattern brocaded coutille at $7.50. Sold by leading stores or sent postpaid from Primrose House on receipt of price.

Preparations used in the Face Molding Treatment

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream—Thoroughly cleans and refines the skin. Three sizes, $1.00, $2.00, $3.50.
Skin Freshener—For toning and refreshing the skin. Two sizes, $1.25, $3.00.
Face Molding Cream—Nourishes tissues; prevents lines and wrinkles. Three sizes, $1.50, $3.00, $5.00.
Balsam Tissue Stimulant—Penetrates the pores, increasing the natural activity of the skin. Two sizes, $1.50, $2.75.
Balsam Astringent—For strengthening muscles, reducing double chin and firming the skin. Two sizes, $2.50, $4.00.
Face Molder—To mold Balsam Astringent into the tissues and lift drooping muscles, $5.00.

Our interesting booklet, "Here Dwells Youth", contains the latest and most improved ways of restoring and developing beauty and individuality. Write today for a free copy. The head of our staff of graduate nurses will be glad to advise you confidentially by correspondence, without charge.



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CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

It soothes as it cleans!

ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

"My first use of Orchidew convinced me of its marvelous qualities. It is one of the most refreshing preparations I have ever used. It cleanses the skin thoroughly leaving it soft and smooth, with a delightful fragrance. For years I have been searching for just such a cleansing lotion and I hope it becomes so well known that it may be purchased in every part of the world."

Miss E. C. M., San Francisco.

"As a rule I think the average man cares very little for perfume of any sort, but the delicate clinging fragrance of Orchidew is so refreshing it pleases instead of being objectionable. As a lotion after shaving I find it invaluable."

A. J. K., Buffalo.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, one half larger than the illustration, is $1.50 the bottle.

Orchidew should be on sale at the best shops everywhere. If you are unable to purchase it, use the coupon below.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION
2 West 45th Street, New York
Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.
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Address.....

(*) If you wish to avoid delay, send remittance with your order, and cross out line B; otherwise, cross out line A and just sign your name to the coupon and mail to us.

THE LADY WITH THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS

(*Continued from page* 22)

The Riders to the Sea for my return; but it was too short a play in which to make my reappearance after an absence of twenty years. . . . I understand you have written many one-act plays. Have you any that would suit me?"

I had brought one along which I had translated into French especially so she might read it. I apologized for the condition of the pages, for, to tell the truth, I had carried it over Europe in the hope that I might have an occasion of presenting it to her.

"Oh, I am used to that. If a manuscript is all done up beautifully I am a little suspicious of it. I like to see a manuscript that has been worked over." I told her I had written it six years before with her in mind. "Why didn't you send it to me? I should so like to have been remembered. . . . Yet six years is a long while when one is young. . . . Perhaps if I don't think it suits me you will write me something else? It is so hard to find plays which suit me —now."

There was a momentary glance as though looking far away. "Tell me," she asked, "how do your young artists endure playing every day? Your young Eva Le Gallienne tells me she must give nine and ten performances a week and that often a play will run for a year or more continuously . . . How can one keep the springs of creation fresh? And yet they seem so willing to learn. . . . They do not come to see me act because I am handsome or young. . . . Perhaps I have something to give them." Then she called for her companion to bring the Sunday paper. "Yet there seems to be nothing but beautiful women in your theatre." And as she pointed to a famous star in a bathing suit she added with a shy smile: "That is not art, that is nature."

We spoke of actors abroad and I find, in the hasty notes I made after I left, but one reference: "Lucien Guitry is a great actor in the great tradition. His son, Sacha, is all that is best in the modern school—its skill, its cleverness and perhaps he has some of its faults."

When I rose to go she sat on the arm of the couch fingering the manuscript I had brought her. Her eyes accidentally fell on a phrase which was a sort of text upon the title-page. "I like that," she said, *"Les arbres morts restent longtemps debout"*—dead trees stand long.

She smiled enigmatically and I kissed her hand as I left her standing there.

A Lincoln Sport Cabriolet

There is a special sport cabriolet by Le Baron. The exterior of the body is in two harmonizing tones of gray, with a gray leather roof and a dash of black on the fenders and underworks. There is no striping on the car. As to the interior, the head lining and seats are in dark-gray broadcloth, the seats being striped with blue and in the interesting Le Baron loose cushion style, giving a suggestion of informality and great comfort. A lap robe of the same material as the upholstery hangs on the rail and the owner's monogram will be worked in leather on the robe. The woodwork throughout the car is in carefully selected mahogany, with interior mountings in bronze of special design with a mottled gun-metal finish. The toilet cases, inconspicuous but graceful, are of a dark mahogany with a clock mounted on the ladies' case. The driving compartment is done in black Turkish velvet leather, without tufting.

One of the most interesting features is the raised panel which has distinguished many of the salon cars for several years. In this case, the panel starts at the radiator on the top of the hood and goes back, in an ever-widening sweep, to the cowl, whence it progresses in narrower form around the back of the body. This molding, as well as the door pillars, are in black. A windshield, which falls forward; black wire wheels, balloon tires; one auxiliary seat, a very large one, facing the right-hand door; nickeled barrel-type head-lamps, standard with all Lincoln cars, and two extra tires, rakishly mounted, are distinguishing features.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

The Godard *Berceuse* from *Jocelyn* scarcely needs to be introduced even to the person mildly interested in music. His style in composition is that of an aristocrat, and his flowing melodies and varied harmonic backgrounds have lent to his writings a certain individual quality which seems always recognizable. The *Berceuse* is one of those smooth-moving songs, with lights and shadows. And Chamlee, Metropolitan Opera artist, finds it grateful to his gorgeous tenor and his commanding style.

The *Paquita* song gives Chamlee abundant opportunity to disclose his warmth of temperament; and in it he is the Spanish songster putting forth a song to his loved one with all the ardor of the Latin wooer. Signor Buzzi-Peccia has written in *Paquita* a selection similar to his *Lolita*. It is one of those distinctive Buzzi-Peccia songs which afford such satisfaction to the listener and is at the same time one the singer finds to his vocal and artistic liking.

IN every city in the world Melachrinos set the standard of cigarette quality.
M. MELACHRINO & CO.
INCORPORATED
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
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PLAIN ~ CORK OR STRAW TIPS
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NEW YORK

Breakfast—Luncheon—Tea

To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.

MEMORIES OF LOTTA

(*Continued from page 26*)

pass?" "I didn't." "You *did!* One I gave Mr. Anderson!" I handed her the bit of paper. "If this is it, where is your signature?" Business of her dropping into chair, some gurgling and then meekly appealing: "Oh, Mr. Kidder, I beg your pardon. I am too silly for words—forgot to sign it." Business of hunting up a pair of seats for the mystified couple.

A handsome young belle—a guest at Lotta's Lake Hopatcong summer home, "Attol Tryst"—soon grew much bored by the all-women group in which she found herself, and read a pretended telegram calling her to New York that evening. Lotta, realizing the situation, expressed cool regret, saying, "I will drive you to the train when I go to meet the gentlemen due to-night," naming several distinguished men who were expected. The visitor began to temporize, but Lotta was adamant at the affront, and although the young woman stammered, "I—I—might arrange somehow to stay," she was taken to the station just in time to meet the incoming handsome male delegation.

A PUBLIC OF GOLD

"THREE things in life have never disappointed me," said Lotta.

"My mother,

"My public,

"My sleep.

"My mother has been all the world to me.

"The public as good as gold. Indeed it was gold!

"My sleep always came when I needed it. When I was a child, in our California traveling company, I was often tied on the back of a mule, the man ahead taking the halter, and I have slept sweetly for hours as our party jogged along. This is a beautiful world, and I have had, for the most part, a beautiful, happy life. Of course, I'd like always to be young, and I thank my dear mother for keeping me young until—well—until—I wasn't! But we must all grow old, or die for it!

"It has been said, even to me, that my mother objected to my marrying. Such was not the case. I never had a bit of sense about men. I've fallen in love, or thought so, several times, but I really had no judgment at all, and in no case did my feeling last any length of time. My mother had made something of a mistake herself and it would have killed her had I been obliged to repent. So, in her own wise way, she took precautions by having the whichever-one-it-was constantly in my sight—sometimes inviting 'him' to spend a month with us at our summer home. She even asked one of 'them' to cross the ocean as our guest, and sick enough I got of him before the voyage ended! So I'm a spinster, not capable, I'm afraid, of loving any man very deeply. For I've never met one whom I couldn't do without, but ah, if I had met the 'right one!'"

Lotta told me once that she was probably the richest actress in the world.

"How about Patti?"

"Oh, she should be, but much of her money was not saved. You see, Gusta—my dear mother——"

Yes, that was it! Mrs. Crabtree was a wonderful woman, with a great head for finance. She has told me many times how Lotta happened to go on the stage, saying:

"Nothing would do but Crabtree must leave New York to dig gold in California. He never got any. The death of my second little girl was a dreadful grief, so I determined to follow Crabtree to Laporte, California, then called Rabbit Creek. I had never done housework or cooking, so had a very hard time of it, as did all about me.

A COBBLER HER DANCING TEACHER

"WHEN Lotta was six, an Italian cobbler—he may have been a prince for all I know, for he was out of the ordinary, and gold fever brings unusual folk together—wanted to teach Lotta to dance. So I agreed, and made her practice on our own broad hearthstone. When she was seven she could do a jig and a fancy dance, and had learned, from me, an Irish song and a ballad.

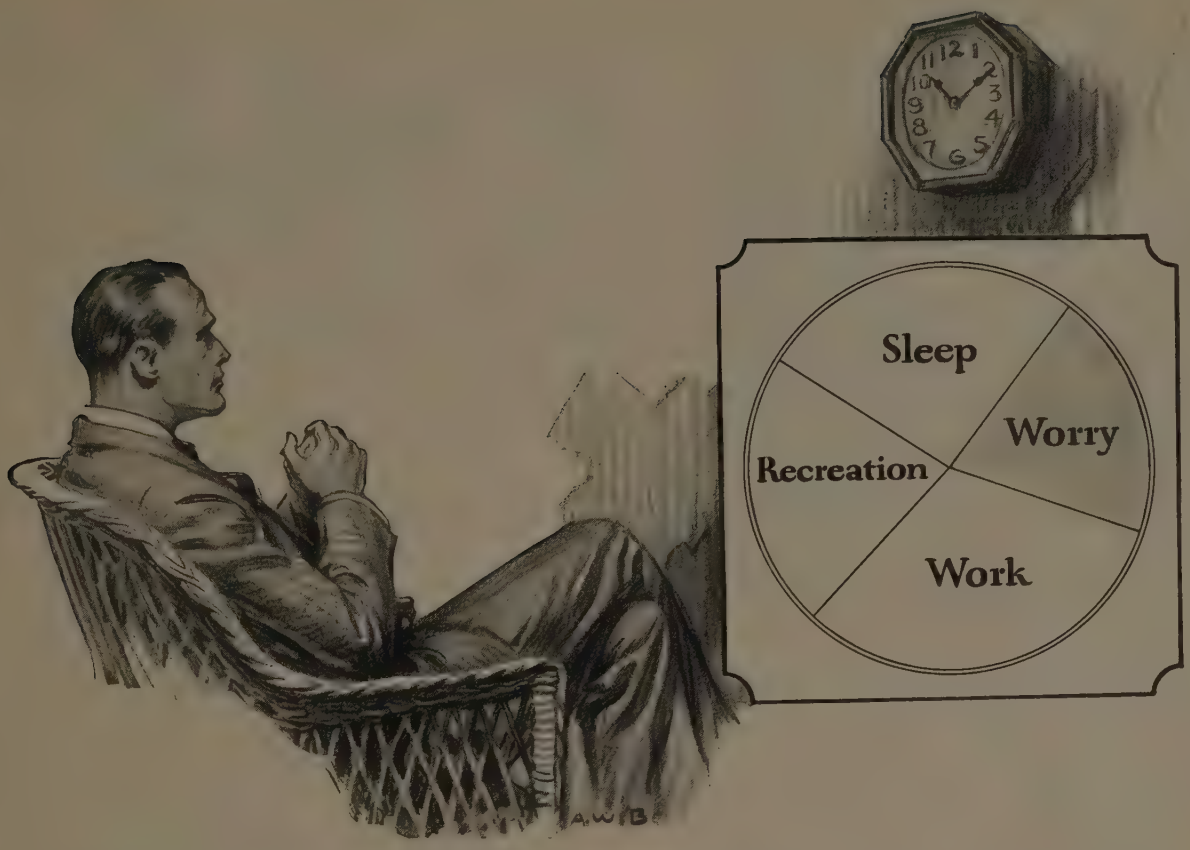
"One day a committee called, from some society, and wanted Lotta to help a local performance. I consented, and thereby changed our entire lives. I made her a little Irish suit—green knee-breeches, a tiny black, long-tailed coat and a hat. The cobbler fitted her with small brogans and she carried a bit of firewood for a 'shillalah.' For the ballad she wore a low-necked, short-sleeved white frock. I watched her every minute she was on that stage. She didn't understand the applause and was really startled by the money that was thrown to her—quarters, fifty-cent pieces, huge Mexican dollars and one fifty-dollar gold 'slug'! She was a biddable little girl, doing just what her mother told her to, and she's been willing to do that ever since."

And now——

Lotta—the incomparable Lotta—has changed worlds. And what a magnificent will she made! She needs no monument but that.

I attended her funeral here, and as the sweet pine boughs and wreaths almost caressed her, I thought of Bret Harte's "Dickens in Camp" and wondered if he would have added these lines:

"Lovingly we—proud of her fame undying—
Upon the grave, as garlands intertwine,
Place, where our Little Nell is calmly lying,
This spray of Eastern pine!"



How much of *your* day is worry?

EVERY DAY has twenty-four hours. The richest man has no more time, the poorest has no less. And all men must divide their days into three main divisions—Work, Recreation, Sleep.

But there is a *fourth* division. In proportion as you get rid of it, you add to your income, your standing and your peace of mind. In proportion as you give way to it, you find it spreading like a cancer over the three main divisions of your time.

Its name is Worry.

Effective work cannot be done by men whose minds are wandering in futile concern about their bills, their business positions, their futures. No man can benefit from his round of golf or his evening at home with a book if he is really far away—fearing a pressing creditor, or tomorrow's work.

And if worry follows you to bed at night—then, indeed, you have little chance for happiness or even physical health.

There is a way out. There is an outside influence ready to help you reduce the hours or minutes that worry steals away from you. There is an outside influence that has made the lives of 200,000 other men happier as well as more prosperous.

Its name is the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

You have read about it as a training for ambitious men. Think of it now in another way—think of it as an agency that will banish the needless worry out of your days.

If it is more income you need—the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped *every* conscientious subscriber to earn more money. Many have doubled and tripled their salaries in one year. If you need a better, more dignified, more permanent position—trust the business judgment of the 27,000 Presidents who have enrolled.

Here is a curious fact to which 200,000 Institute men can testify. The very moment you tear off the coupon at the foot of this page, you will feel the satisfaction that comes from having taken a step forward—a step that may be a decisive one in your life.

Tear it off now, and hold it in your hand for a moment. Say to yourself:

"If I mail this coupon, *something* is going to happen; an outside influence is going to work in my behalf. I am going to find out whether it can do for me what it has done for so many others. *I am going to mail this coupon today*—and receive the Definite Plan of Business Progress which it promises.

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Please write plainly
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Business Position _____

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The Crème to Which Nearly All of France Owes Its Beauty

The French girl, with her enviable, velvety complexion, uses Crème Simon exclusively to obtain that soft, roseleaf smoothness of the skin. This is the secret of the charm that has made her beauty famous 'round the world. You, too, will find it wonderfully helpful.

Also Poudre Simon, which is so soothing to the skin, cannot help but win your admiration

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Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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MISS TAKEACHANCE:
(*who uses inflammable cleaning fluid*)
"Nothing has ever happened to me yet."
MISS PRUDENCE:
"But when it does happen you may be disfigured for life or killed outright, then it's too late for advice."

For Safety's Sake-demand

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UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
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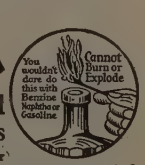
Without Injury to Fabric or Color



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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES
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MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 64)

it. E. L. Fernandez, as the Portuguese lover of the sorely tried widow, is excellent, and makes love as it should be made—with a deep tenderness and much finesse. Martha Madison is charming as the pert and sophisticated flapper, and the remaining rôles are well distributed and handled.

Because of its very goodness and purity, this little drama will probably not survive long. It will not be able to compete with its more sophisticated sisters, just as the good little girl in the play hadn't a chance alongside the naughty and more vivid flapper from the city.

Lazybones

Play in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Vanderbilt Theatre September 22, with the following cast:

Martha Tuttle, Amelia Gardner; Lew Sisler, Willard Robertson; Agnes Fanning, Beth Merrill; Elmer Ballister, Charles C. Wilson; Rebecca Fanning, Elizabeth Patterson; Steve Tuttle, George Abbott; Ruth Fanning, Leona Hogarth; Kit, Martha-Bryan Allen; Jessie Mary Sisler, Jean May; Dick Ritchie, Allen H. Moore.

OWEN DAVIS, in this "chronicle of a country town," as he calls it, has injected the *Lightnin' touch*. In fact, *Lazybones* is a younger brother of *Lightnin'*. Both are the shiftless, lazy village ne'er-do-wells, who, nevertheless, are one hundred per centers spiritually and soulfully. Owen Davis' new dramatic combination of *Main Street* and *Lightnin'* is well conceived, the characters exceptionally and accurately drawn and the play excellently acted by a conscientious cast.

All of the characters of the old-time rural drama are here, but they are delightfully real. Better still, they are not overdrawn.

George Abbott, in the title-rôle, played the central character with a careful and a cautious touch. This was a distinctly contrasting rôle to the one he had in *Hell-Bent fer Heaven,* when he played the part of a young and rugged worker.

Martha-Bryan Allen, who has appeared in several Theatre Guild productions, emerged triumphant in a rôle which called for considerable emotional work. The remaining members of the cast, several in good character rôles, drew clear-cut pictures of the village types which the author created to surround his central figure and help direct his destiny.

Lazybones is a satisfying and entertaining play which doubtless will have quite a run.

The Grab Bag

A revue in two acts. Book, lyrics and music by Ed Wynn. Produced at the Globe Theatre on October 6 by A. L. Erlanger, with the following principals:

Ed Wynn, Jay Velie, Janet Velie, Marion Fairbanks, Katherine Witchie, William Earl, Francis Bell, Aileen Hamilton, The Ormond Sisters, The Le Grohs, Ralph Riggs, Albert Shaw, Volga Boys and Janet Adair.

A FEW more yards of gauze, a few more bushels of rhinestones and another revue has stepped into the limelight. But this revue differs from its glimmering cousins in concentrated purpose. No such abstract effort as the immortalization of Stars-and-Stripes maidenhood! This latest concoction of ribbons, ditties and vaudeville tête-à-têtes has the concrete aim of presenting Ed Wynn. He is on the stage continually, flicking his usual drolleries across the footlights.

The dancing is splendid. Marion Fairbanks is dainty and spirited and Katherine Witchie flutters about like a vivid autumn leaf. Jay and Janet Velie sing the expected songs about hearts of roses and flame-seeking moths. The Le Grohs gyrate and squirm, converting doubters to Darwinism. The Volga boys, eight uniquely assorted Russians, sing the boat song in a manner indicative of a stormy passage.

The Ed Wynn creation ends with a grab-bag revue, displaying the customary grab-bag values.

The Busybody

Comedy in three acts by Dorrance Davis. Produced by George Choos at the Bijou Theatre on September 29, with the following cast:

Sally Culpepper, Helen Stewart; Archibald Stubbs, William Leonard; Hilda, Florence Denman; Mrs. Cornelia Culpepper, Ada Lewis; Edward Culpepper, Nelan H. Japp; Rosamond Rossmore, Josephine Whittell; Minerva Culpepper, Mildred Florence; Miss Hammer, Lisle Leigh; Professor Kelp, Basil West; Ernest Cadman, Harry C. Bannister; The Lady Across the Hall, Josephine Drake; The Janitor, Joseph Guthrie; Ignatius J. Cassidy, Edward Keane; The Woman Downstairs, Minnie Stanley; A Detective, Dan Marlowe; Another Detective, Fred Richards.

THE BUSYBODY rushes around busying itself over nothing. It is termed a domestic farcical comedy, perhaps because it is a hybrid, being neither farce nor comedy. It is an all-around exasperating play, with a character in it more exasperating than the play itself. It is inconceivable that a group of adults should concern themselves over the welfare of a detestable type of female, and it is around this supercilious monster that the play revolves. There is much rushing in and out of rooms, but it doesn't mean anything.

The scene is laid in a Riverside Drive apartment. Real-estate dealers of that vicinity will surely frown on the suggestion that apartment houses

(*Continued on page* 76)

For Christmas—
Ask Him For One!

On Christmas morning, when the curtains are pulled aside and the tree in all its splendor is disclosed to the happy, expectant children, be sure that among their gifts they will find a Hohner Harmonica.

There's nothing like good music for Christmas; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 199, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

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The Pearson's location, a few minutes from the main business section, and the quality of its accommodations make this new hotel an especially pleasant stopping place for the winter season in Chicago. Opera, symphony concerts, theatres, shopping and everything that makes Chicago a winter Mecca are all within easy reach.

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The Pearson is just a block east of North Michigan Boulevard in Pearson Street. Rates for one person are from $3.50 to $5.00 a day; for two $5.00 to $7.00, and two room suites $10.00 to $14.00. Every room and suite with private bath.

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

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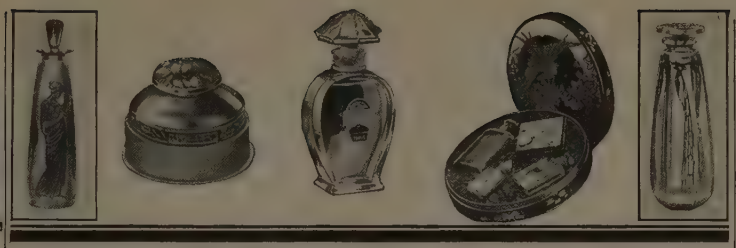

The vogue of French perfumes is well represented in this top group (*from left to right*). *Ambre Antique*, Coty, in a gracefully designed Lalique crystal bottle, $21.00; Lenthéric's *Lotus d'Or*, $10.50; Guerlain's *Candide Effluve*, $11.00. A special Christmas package of Roger and Gallet's *Le Jade*, containing face powder, toilet water, perfume and sachet, $8.00. Another well-known one of Coty's, *Cyclamen*, also in a Lalique crystal container, $12.00

The Vanity Box

(*Continued from page* 60)

"Ah, . . that's just the marvelous point about this perfumer. Come with me," . . and with that we were fairly pulled out of our soft-cushioned chaise and into her boudoir. Taking a neat little box from the drawer of an adorable antique *table de toilette,* Miss Monterey proudly showed us its contents.

"Here are the magicians . . the bath powders, in tiny, separate square packages. They are so perfectly blended with the perfume, that one complements the other. Why, I would never think of using any other kind. And do you know" . . she continued, nearly out of breath with excitement, . . "these little perfumed powders have that so longed-for, clinging quality for hours after the bath. For instance, I empty one into the tub, as the water is rushing in, and lo! . . it bubbles and froths to the surface, just like sea foam. And when I come out of the bath, I tingle all over . . as refreshed and relaxed as though I had had a massage.

This sounded almost too good to be true, knowing the reputation that most people give to bath salts. . . "A mere luxury, after all," they sometimes say. This is one time they are wrong. So with this priceless bit of information already stored away for future use, we suddenly recalled the late hour and prepared to take our grateful leave.

"I will go out with you, as I must run over to the theatre for an instant," our hostess announced, as she hurriedly donned a very smart black silk ribbon hat, which we were informed came, of course, from Paris.

"Yes, I sometimes find awfully smart things there," Miss Monterey said with such naïvety. We thought of our own cherished dream to go there too some day, where fashion leads the world, quite forgetful for the moment that American designers are not far behind in their creations, and very often way ahead of far-off Paris.

As we stepped into Miss Monterey's own car and for the second time in one simply enchanting hour sank luxuriously into cushioned oblivion, our eye caught the gold-and-black stripes of a charming oval vanity case, swinging gracefully from her wrist by a double mesh wristlet. Being by this time very much on the alert about anything our brilliant Miss Monterey might say, do or have, we promptly commented upon this unusual article.

"This, of course, is my pet companion whenever I go out. It contains a compartment for small change, a key or two and six cigarettes on the one side," . . she replied, proudly exhibiting her "constant companion."

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"Hm-m . . another discovery for the benefit of our readers," . . we thought, hugging our secret and rushing back just in time to catch Vanity Box going to press. And feeling so fortunate to be able to give you this extra bit of information, especially with Christmas lists to fill.

For prices and other information concerning the perfume, bath salts and vanity case mentioned in the above article, write to Vanity Box, in care of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*

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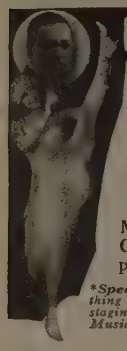

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PLAY PRODUCTION IN HIGH SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page* 42)

dramas to utilize all the devices the professional theatre offers. So much of the appeal and point is lost by inadequate production that a director should consider long before trying to use makeshifts in a Barrie play. The dream scene in *A Kiss for Cinderella* must be beautifully fantastic, not simply bizarre. The always delightful *What Every Woman Knows* simply cannot be successful without a realistic shop for Shand's committee-rooms. All the scenes in this play should be convincingly correct. If a school should venture to offer *Dear Brutus*, the second act would have to be a forest in which magic could sway people's lives.

Barrie has used the frame structure so frequently for his plays that one almost inevitably associates it with his work. The method of framing by the first and last acts the real material is illustrated in *The Admirable Crichton*, in *A Kiss for Cinderella*, in *Dear Brutus* and in *Maryrose*. A younger dramatist is using the device almost as successfully. There is a hint of it in *Mr. Pim Passes By*, for the first call of the old man with his astounding news of the existence of the supposedly dead husband and the last call with his unruffled disavowal of the sameness of the names frame the play. Mr. Milne has used the plan more patently in *The Romantic Age* and in *Success*, the latter not yet produced in the United States. A stylistic forest for the second act of the first of these plays would not satisfy an audience. The effect of the delicious comedy is inherent in the contrast between the ordinary (therefore realistic) environment of the heroine and her romantic aspirations.

Adequate stage surroundings are necessary for the best presentation of the dramas of Mr. Booth Tarkington. His one-acts, as *The Trysting Place*, may be set in draperies, but not, if they are to be adequately staged, his full-length comedies. This attention to production is self-evident for the colorful *Monsieur Beaucaire;* it is as necessary in *Penrod*, in *Seventeen*, in *Clarence* and in *Intimate Strangers*. For the first two of these four no marked degree of courage is needed, because they are plays of youth concomitant with pupil interests. There is a great difference between these comedies with their boy protagonists and the other two plays of mature whimsicality. Both of them have young irresponsibles in their teens as important characters, but these rôles are not the leading ones. Plot is slight in both; incidents are delicate; the emphasis is on peculiarity and quaintness of human nature. The charm is in the characterization, which is the most difficult for untrained amateurs. In *The Intimate Strangers* the first act, to be amusing, must show an actual small railway station. Unless that building is accepted as a reality, the remainder of the play will fall flat.

Notice that so far, while there have been listed plays of more mature themes than usually attempted in school productions, and while there have been demands made upon adequate equipment and large stage space, there has not been any insistence upon the spectacular, the fantastic, the picturesque and the bizarre in costumes and scenery. For several seasons until recently our professional plays have been so uniformly monotonous in contemporaneous costume, so economically cramped into one or two interiors, that it has been refreshing to see riot of color in scenery, extravagance of design in costume and splashes of brilliance and shadow in lighting in school and other amateur performances.

STRIVE FOR CONTRAST IN YOUR PROGRAMS

BEAUTY of all kinds can be so intimately associated with drama that directors need never be content with mere drab realism. Never lose sight of the principle of contrast. If a school has been giving a succession of *Tailor-Made Man* dramas, open the eyes and sensibilities of performers and audience by *The Gods of the Mountains* by Dunsany, *Sherwood* by Noyes, or *The Blue Bird* by Maeterlinck. After working with several plays with such stage settings as described in the first paragraph below, what a relief, what a demand upon the resources of one's mind and the resources of the stage to construct the picture of the second paragraph.

"Dining-room. It is furnished with modest taste and refinement. There is a door, center, leading to the living-room, and a swinging-door, left, leading to the kitchen. The table is set."

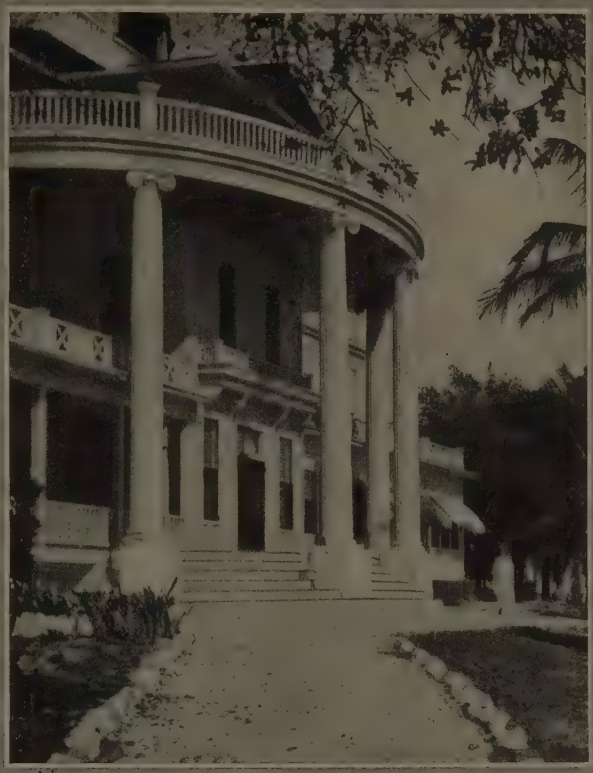
"Rather an awesome picture it is with the cold blue river and the great black cliffs and the blacker cypresses that grow along its banks. There are signs of a trodden slope and a ferry, and there's a rough old wooden shelter where passengers can wait; a bell hung on the top with which they call the ferryman."

Or contrast these two descriptions:

"A study, luxuriously furnished; large table in center, upon which are a new novel, press-cuttings and the usual apparatus of literary composition."

"The scene is the deck of a smallish sailing craft, the idle sails and rigging outlined against an intense blue sky."

Enough has probably been said here to illustrate what remarkable plays may be well performed by high schools in which there is adequate equipment to justify choices of the best dramatic material and to repay careful training. The suggestions here made are not theoretical hypotheses before the fact; they are reports on repeated accomplishments. To corroborate this assertion, it will



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be advisable to append lists of actual high-school performances.

LISTS OF PLAYS PRESENTED BY TWO HIGH SCHOOLS

THE high schools of one city presented these plays. If you are familiar with them, you will realize at once the demands made upon equipment:

Comus; Fanny and the Servant Problem; Zaragueta; Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Doctor in Spite of Himself; Antigone; The Princess; Ulysses; Far-away Princess; Rose of the Wind; Midsummer Night's Dream; Love's Labor Lost; Comedy of Errors; Twelfth Night; As You Like It; Arraignment of Paris; Green Stockings; The Chinese Lantern; Barbara Frietchie; Trelawney of the Wells; Pan in the Shepherd's Holiday; Alcestis; Inspector-General; She Stoops to Conquer; Eager Heart; Lend Me Five Shillings; Nathan Hale; Silas Marner; Merchant of Venice; Foresters; Good-natured Man; The Rivals; School for Scandal; Sherwood; Arms and the Man; Strife; Master Skylark; Taming of the Shrew; Cricket on the Hearth; Land of Heart's Desire.

The high schools of another city offered the following plays:

A Box of Monkeys; A Maker of Dreams; A Marriage Has Been Arranged; A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Rose o' Plymouth Town; A Royal Family; As You Like It; At the Sign of the Cleft Heart; Augustus Does His Bit; Back of the Ballot; Beau Brummel; Believe Me, Xantippe; Between the Soup and the Savory; Clarence; Counsel Retained; Daddy Long Legs; Doctor in Spite of Himself; Efficiency; Eliza Comes to Stay; Esmeralda; Food; For France; French Without a Master; Green Stockings; Gretna Green; Happiness; Hyacinth Halvey; Ici on Parle Français; Indian Summer; It Pays to Advertise; Joint Owners in Spain; Just as Well; King René's Daughter; Les Deux Sourds; Lima Beans; Lonesome Like; Mary, Queen of Scots; Mrs. Temple's Telegram; Mr. Bob; Mr. Pim Passes By; Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace; Mrs. Pat and the Law; Much Ado About Nothing; Neighbors; Nevertheless; Nothing but the Truth; Old Lady 31; Our Aunt from California; Our Mutual Friend; Owin' to Maggie; Penrod; Pierre Patelin; Pygmalion; Quality Street; Rosalie; Sam Average; Seventeen; She Stoops to Conquer; Six Cups of Chocolate; Spreading the News; Strongheart; Suppressed Desires; The Adventure of Lady Ursula; The Amazons; The Birds' Christmas Carol; The Cricket on the Hearth; The Dear Departed; The Drawing of the Sword; The Elevator; The Elopement of Ellen; The Fifth Commandment; The Florist Shop; The Fortune Hunter; The Girl Upstairs; The Importance of Being Earnest; The Kleptomaniacs; The Lady's Slipper; The Lost Silk Hat; The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife; The Melting Pot; The New Lady Bantock; The New Word; The Old Lady Shows Her Medals; The Playgoers; The Poorhouse; The Pot Boiler; The Pot of Broth; The Rivals; The Romancers; The Romantic Age; The Taming of the Shrew; The Teeth of the Gift Horse; The Turtle Dove; The Twig of Thorne; The Varsity Coach; The Widow's Veil; The Witching Hour; The Wonder Hat; The Workhouse Ward; Two Crooks and a Lady; Three Pills in a Bottle; Tommy's Wife; Twelfth Night; Why the Chimes Rang; Wurzell Flummery; You Never Can Tell.

These two lists prove that with the necessary equipment high-school directors are able to make enviable records for themselves and their institutions.

Correction

In the November issue, Mr. Gordon Davis, Director of Dramatics at Stanford University, California, was erroneously referred to as "Gordon Craig," on the Amateur's Green Room page, where a scene from Mr. Davis' impressive production of *Sophocles* was reproduced. Our apologies and regrets are due Mr. Davis, who is entitled to a full measure of credit for his splendid work at Stanford University.

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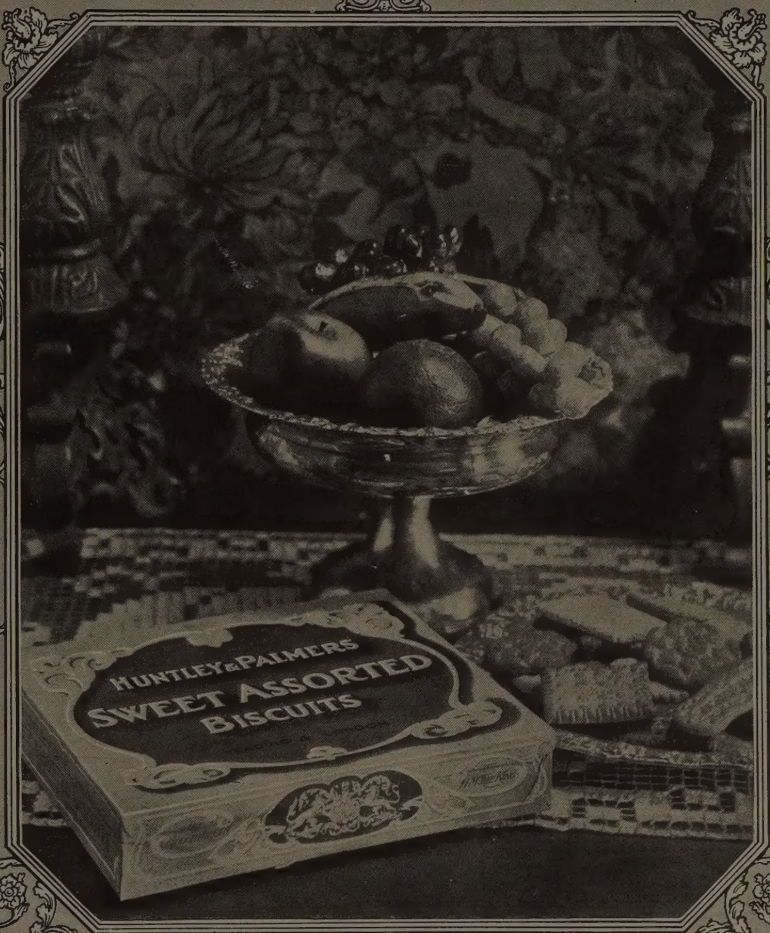

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 70)

on the Drive are dens of iniquity. Deprived of Ada Lewis, a great New York favorite, who delivers her lines in the jerky, abrupt way always so effective, and who plays the rôle of the mother of the family, which is always at boiling point principally over love affairs, and of Josephine Drake, who is cast as a scarlet lady, the play would crumple instantly.

Most of the remaining members of the cast delivered their lines to the audience, not to each other, which destroyed all sense of illusion. They would do well to at least pretend they are interested in the lines the others are delivering at the time they're delivering them.

Ashes

A play in four acts by Reginald Goode. Presented by Walter C. Jordan on October 20 at the National Theatre, with the following principals:

Rupert Best, Warburton Gamble; Lizzie, Eleanor Daniels; Marjorie Lane, Florence Reed; Doctor Newton, Charles Esdale; Grace Lane, Gladys Hurlbut; Jim, Wallis Roberts; Harry Pelham, Arthur Behrens; Frank Howard, Alfred Shirley; George Munson, Donald Macmillan; Brewl, George Spelvin.

REGINALD GOODE'S new play has a singularly apt title. But there are a few clinkers among the ashes.

This play, written by an actor, is not destined to survive long. It is a weakling and will probably expire from sheer sentimentalism and lack of worth. Mr. Goode has taken the mother-love theme, the vampire idea, the erring husband, the actress whose career wars with her home life and brewed them all into one play. He has put his eggs all in one basket, and stale eggs at that.

Some of the scenes were unbearably sentimental. The one, for instance, where the mother takes the baby's little jacket and booties and holds them up for the audience to snivel over. The clinkers among the ashes were the two scenes in which Florence Reed, too good an actress for this poor vehicle, has a rehearsal scene with Alfred Shirley and her emotional scene in the second act, when she learns of the death of that mysterious stage baby which is always kept behind closed doors.

Judging from this first attempt, Mr. Goode's forte is acting, not playwriting.

Great Music

A drama in four acts by Martin Brown. Presented by George Backer at the Earl Carroll Theatre on October 4, with the following principals:

Erik Fane, Tom Powers; Rhea De Lorme, Christine Norman; Mrs. Fane, Florence Johnstone; Fatima, Leah Le Roux; Marie, Josephine Wehn; San Francisco Sal, Helen Ware; Diane, Laye Monif.

MARTIN BROWN, author of *Cobra,* has written another play which features characterization. He calls this "the dramatic interpretation of Erik Fane's Symphony in D Minor." The first act is the theme, the second the scherzo, the third the largo and the fourth the rhapsodie and finale. A symphony orchestra, directed by Ira Jacobs, accompanies the action. The story is the progressive deterioration of a man who, groping to find his immortal soul and a way in which to express it, seeks it in the underworld, finds and loses it.

Great Music is good theatre. And it is entertaining drama, well acted and staged. In the first two acts Tom Powers as the groping genius is submerged by Christine Norman as the first siren he meets along the way to perdition. She acts so well and at such a fine tempo that the struggling musician appears weak and colorless beside her. In the last act, however, Mr. Powers has the opportunity to display his emotional ability, and apparently he conserved his energies for this big moment. Helen Ware, in the Port Said scene, has a good character rôle which she handles with keen sympathy and understanding. The scene, which is staged in what is known as the wickedest port in the world, is a masterpiece. The other scenes are also well executed. John Wenger is responsible for the scenic production.

In His Arms

A comedy in three acts by Lynn Starling. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Fulton Theatre on October 13, with the following cast:

Fannie, Mary Perry; Frances Bedell, Cornelia Otis Skinner; Joe Cartwright, Elliot Cabot; Lily Cartwright, Sallie Sanford; Mrs. John Clarendon, Edna May Oliver; Elise Clarendon, Margaret Lawrence; Ernest Fairleigh, Geoffrey Kerr; John Clarendon, Grant Stewart; Mrs. Arthur Fairleigh, Effie Shannon; Tom van Ruysen, Vernon Steele.

WHERE will you spend your honeymoon? In his arms, replied the heroine. Curtain! These are the actual closing lines of Lynn Starling's new comedy. Is any other commentary necessary? It is difficult to conceive of a more puerile concoction labeled a play than this creation built up around a silly girl who carries on a passionate flirtation on her wedding day with a man other than her fiancé.

Margaret Lawrence, much too mature and matronly for the rôle of a spirited young girl, looks older than her "Daddy" of the play. A father who talks baby talk to his grown daughter throughout the three acts. Cornelia Skinner, daughter of the well-known star, Otis Skinner, is seen in a minor rôle. That capable actress, Effie Shannon, cannot quite vitalize the inane rôle of the unnatural mother. There is something strangely antiquated about this comedy.

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